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CHRISTIAN HYMNS, POEMS, AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,

SACRED TO THE PRAISE OF

GOD our SAVIOUR.

By *JAMES* and *JOHN RELLY*.

I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also, 1 Cor. xiv. 15.

PORTSMOUTH, NEW-HAMPSHIRE:
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TO THE
READER.

TO THE

READER.

WHEN I say I have done as well as I could, I need no other apology; because, in reason, nothing can be expected in spiritual *Matters, from a man, above what he hath received; nor can he receive any thing, except it be given him from above. The apostle, from this consideration, shews the inconsistency and unreasonableness of judging a man for not exhibiting what he has not; or, of censuring him for the want of what he can only have by the gift of God: thus arguing, what hast thou, that thou hast not received? and, if thou hast nothing but what thou hast received, why dost thou judge and set at nought thy brother, as though thou hadst not received it? therefore, with relation to the* poems *and* hymns *before you, I can say, such as I have received, I give unto you.*

I thought

I thought it well to put the poem, called The Believer, *in the front of the hymns, as, in its measure, containing and rendering a* reason *of the christian's ground of* Praise, and delight therein. *The reason of my writing* it *in that manner, was, its flowing, with regard to method and matter, upon my mind unsought, without thoughtfulness or study; and not from an imagination of my having any skill in poetry, especially that sort of verse. And when I have, since its first printing (fancying myself somewhat more skilful) attempted some alterations, I have found myself utterly insufficient; so that you have* it *as in the first edition, the alteration of a few words excepted.*

The hymns, *as you may perceive, are chiefly drawn from the scriptures; and are designed, at once to offer praise, and to seal instruction on the mind; by serving as an exposition on those scriptures, from which they are drawn. In the general they testify of* Jesus, *according to the word of the gospel; which, neither man's faith, nor unbelief, makes true, or false. And, therefore when sung by babes and sucklings; yea by those who have not known for themselves, it is as* true; *(and why may not the* Saviour *be glorified) as if the spirits of just men made perfect joined the song: this puts by that stale objection, of some people's not being qualified to perform this part of divine worship, because they have not experienced what they sing. Indeed where hymns*

are calculated to sing what we see, what we know, what we feel; it is another case; for then they are so stuffed with egotism, that very few, comparatively, can join the song. But when people are content to see, to know to feel the goodness of our Saviour *with private thankfulness before him; (not making their own enjoyments and attainments the matter of their song) and are, by all this, drawn to make* Jesus, *as he is in himself, as the gospel declares him, the subject of their praise; then his praise stands open to all; and all may sing the truth towards God: and certainly this comes nearest the song of the blessed above:* Worthy is the Lamb, &c. *for-ever dwells upon their tongues. And to say that a man cannot sing the truth except he has known it and felt it for himself, is to say, that a man cannot speak the truth, when he relates a fact received upon the best authority, except himself hath seen it: which, by the way, is to invalidate the authority of the scriptures, to put sensible demonstration before faith, and then it is not the evidence of unseen things.*

These are the reasons, I would give, of the hymns *running generally in the manner before-mentioned: and where any of them answer not to this, let it be imputed to over-sight and insufficiency, and not to design.*

You may observe my brother's hymns, *which follow in the second part, are for matter one with mine, though differing in method, having not*

taken

taken them methodically from any particular scriptures; but breaking-forth as raptured praise from a gladened heart. He hath, without observing any chain of matter, glanced at many peculiar glories of the Saviour, *as declared in the Gospel. And, upon the whole, I may venture to affirm for myself, and I am persuaded for him also, that our aim in them is nothing less than to set forth the* Beauty *and* Excellency *of* Jesus Christ *our* Lord *! to his praise, and the unspeakable joy of all beholders: that they may sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also, the praises of* him *who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.*

Holy and reverend is his name !

THE

THE

BELIEVER.

BOOK I.

CONTAINING

A reason of the AUTHOR's *choice of this subject; complaint of partiality and bigotry: with a word of advice to the reader.*

MY mind, illiterate, unpolished,
Like a wild waste, by no industrious hand
Early improv'd, must leave creation's song
To higher geniuses. The want of learning,
Study, expanse and readiness of thought,
Confines and limits me: fruitless, unskill'd
In meditation on earth and skies, the
Wond'rous works of God; which nobler minds, by
Him inspir'd, withall capacitated,
By prudent search, enquiry rational,
Have with success, beauty and elegance,
Divinely sung. Disclaiming all pretence

To

To these advent'rous flights; I am content
Alone to tread that path, and follow that
More certain track, wherein the traveller,
Tho' a fool, shall never err. *Jesus*, the
Way, the truth, the life; his *birth*, his *life*, and
Death, the steps, by which I shall ascend up
To the holy hill, where all the blessings
Of his blood, immense unnumber'd, are by
Me possess'd. I choose this theme, because my
Joy, my health, my quick'ning spirit, life and
Marrow of my bone; wine to my drooping
Heart, and oil to all my wounds. My sure, tho'
Humble steps, there will I take, advancing
With a song of praise to true perfection.

Knowing myself, I know that man is vain,
Is partial, and rarely brought to *think*, to
Hear, to *read* impartially; or thus to
Judge, of what is not his own: *prejudice*,
Love's bane, and ruin of society;
An envious fiend, bitter, implacable,
Malicious, and uncharitable; curst
Salamander, bred in the fire of hell,
The only element in which it lives;
A meagre fury, spawn of gigantick
Pride and wrath; monster, hide-bound, lean,
raving,
And unsatisfy'd, when ev'ry godlike
Thought it has devour'd. Truth, friendship,
kindness,
Charity, impartial honesty, still
Falls a prey to this; insensibly, by

This

This deſtroy'd. Spiritual fever, burning,
Pleuritick, contracts the generous mind,
Straitens the bowels, diſturbs all peace, and
Will not ſuffer the object of its wrath
And envy to poſſeſs his life: againſt
Him enrag'd, from him refuſing light or
True inſtruction, it raiſes numberleſs
Objections againſt the word of truth, and
Life itſelf, if ſpoke by him; yea, thinks the
Worſe of *Chriſt*, if *ſuch* he will aſſiſt, and
Evidence to man his preſence with them.
Thus fain would have him angry with all whom
It condemns. If this, the object of its
Hate, be bleſs'd, 'twill not believe; but if 'tis
Evident, beyond objection, then it
Pines, as poiſon'd with his joy. It hates the
Goſpel for his ſake, if he ſucceſsful
Is therein; ſtarts from the truth, tho' known to
What it knoweth wrong, and builds again what
Once the man deſtroy'd, only revenge to
Gratify, and cruſh the hated worm. If
He is ſtill above it, ſteadfaſt in truth
And liberty, which it cannot deny,
Then will it repreſent him as knowing
Only, not enjoying, or poſſeſſing
What he ſpeaks, and makes confeſſion of.

To prove this evidence as true, it has
A Microſcope; greatly, in virtue, to
Magnify, or make appear, what elſe the
Naked eye could not diſcern. Thro' this, it
Calls the world to gaze upon the man it

Hates : *There* the smallest grain of sand swells to
A mighty rock, rugged, and dreadful to
Behold ; whilst insects, much smaller than our
Notice, *there* like lions look, or savage
Beasts, of forms various, starts the spectator
As affrighted ; and thinks, nor fruitfulness, nor
Peace, nor safety's there. Thus *prejudice*, as
In a glass, presents the man it hates, where
Ev'ry mole-hill rises to a mountain ;
Spitefully aggrandizing each word and
Work imperfect, spoke or done by him : with
Artful accent, and subtile period, *it*
Agravates his crimes. From his confession,
And repentance, towards GOD and man, *it*
Will give a public proof of his being
Criminal, until his memory and
Name's cast forth, to the loathing of his word
And person. Thus furious will it smite the
Object of its hate, tho' through the Saviour's
Sides. Oh cruel *prejudice !* which gives no
Quarter, knows not how to spare, dreams it is
Injur'd, and never will forgive : like *Ham*,
Betrays the Father's nakedness, and like
Him curs'd ; since *it* betrays, torments, and yet
Will crucify afresh the Lord of life
And glory, with pain and open shame, and
That with greediness, rather than not with
Cruelty oppress the poor and hated
Man. O dreadful *prejudice !* what mischief
Hast *thou* wrought ! exposing and condemning
That in others, which in thyself is spared :

Yea

Yea worſe, far worſe, foſter'd in *thee*, in *thee*,
Conceal'd, and yet is but a little one.

O hateful *prejudice !* like Adders deaf,
Thou ſhut'ſt thy ears againſt the truth, and wilt
Not hear the Charmer's voice, however wiſe he
Charm, becauſe *thy* image, mind, and features,
Are not ſeen on him : yet tho' *thou* wilt not
Hear, *thou* deem'ſt it hereſy ; and thus, in
Rage, condemneſt what *thou* know'ſt not. *Thou*
Wouldſt forbid whoe'er would work a mighty
Work or miracle, and follows not with
Thee ! thou hardly thinkeſt good can any
Where be done, or any thing of moment
Poſſibly effected, where *thou* art not
Concern'd ! *thou* wilt not be convinc'd that God
Can work, or will, but by ſuch whom *thou*, in
Thy great wiſdom wilt approve of ! *Thou* lov'ſt
Thyſelf, and only lov'ſt *thyſelf* ; and where
Thou lov'ſt thy neighbour, it is for *thine* own
Sake : the cauſe is his ſubſerviency : from
Him *thou* gathereſt, in thought, or word, or
Work, or ſhameneſs in opinion, joining
In ſpirit with *thee*, in all *thy* ways, and
Each propoſal, made by *thee*. Whilſt *thus*, then
Is he ſafe ; no ſpot is ſeen, nor ſhall the
Deepeſt ſtain appear, his ſin is cover'd,
And each infirmity is hid. But if
To his conſcience and his God, he faithful
Is, and croſs *thy* purpoſes, with fire and
Sword *thou* followeſt him, blowing the brazen
Trumpet of reproach, ſlander, calumny,

And

And slaughter; trembles the earth, whilst all the
Sons of God, and men, are at a loss to
Think. *Thus* raves the hellish hag, accursed
Prejudice, new conquests makes, whilst millions
Are *her* subjects, spreads *her* dominions wide
From sea to sea, aims at universal
Monarchy, and conquest of the world. Long
Has the true *Believer* stood the mark of
All *its* envy, calumny and rage: with
Infamy *it* brands him; often *it* writes
His name in catalogue of reprobates,
And fain would drown him in perdition. Old
Scars and bruises might he shew, with many
Wounds fresh bleeding, daily receiv'd from *this*
Infernal foe. To authorize *its* rage
And bitterness, *it* turns his accuser
And pleads, that he's a sinner; this he'll
With true remorse confess: but this sufficeth
Not, except for proof more pregnant, of the
Accusation. Faith and repentance *it*
Refuses, and, like the old *novatian*,
Admits not of the prodigal's return,
Nor will *it* suffer the poor backslider
Ever to be heal'd. As messengers of
Job, each day, and hour, report is made, and
Tidings fresh are brought, of loss of friends,
Of name, and reputation, slander, vented
New, and dire reproach, old infirmities
Rais'd from the dead, new cloath'd, new painted, and
Sent into the world, to rob him of his
Peace, his life, and to persuade the land, to
Spew

Spew him out. From every quarter, it ſo
Warmly plies him, he ſcarce has time to breathe,
Nor will *it* ſuffer him to lift his head.
No terms of peace will *it* accept, unleſs
He will deſpair, and curſe his God, and die.
Like foaming waves of ſea, *it* raiſeth mire
And dirt, at him ſo truly levell'd, that
Now he hath no part, but what's defil'd, all
Cover'd o'er with filth: the robe excepted,
Which earth, nor ſin, nor hell can ever ſpot:
In that he'll wrap himſelf, and ſolemnly
Appeal, from *Jewiſh* law, and righteouſneſs,
And partial tribunal, to thy great ſeat
Of judgment, and impartial juſtice, moſt
Exalted *Cæſar*, great King, and holy
Emperor of earth and ſkies. Preſerve the
Soul 'till then, nor ſuffer thou the fleſh (ſo
Often tempted, to make repriſals on
The foe, and to render railery for
Its railing) ever to have its way. And,
To thy praiſe, I'll now confeſs, that I had
Fainted, if I had not in thee believ'd.

Since I have ſcarce a friend, I need not be
Surpris'd with fear or terror, leſt theſe lines
Should fall into a partial hand, becauſe
An enemy. But yet, I would adviſe
The reader, and petition him, judge not
Before thou read'ſt, nor then, before thou ſhalt
Have grace to underſtand. Thou wilt ſay 'tis
Hereſy; firſt, imitate the honeſt
Old *Bereans*, and nobly ſearch the ſcripture,

Whether

Whether it is such or not. Or wilt thou
Say, 'tis only speculation, produce
Of knowledge, empty, transient, by passions
Working natural assisted? Is it
The *truth?* If *such*, he does not well, who yet
Will censure it. My word I give, as the
Only pledge I here can give, that I am
Now determin'd, to speak of nothing, nor
Treat of other matter, than what I do
In mercy, *handle, taste* and *feel*, of the
Great word of life. I own it *foolishness*,
If that be thy objection: but if thou
Read *impartially*, on cooler thought, thou
Wilt perceive, 'tis the foolishness of God,
The mystery of the cross, far wiser
Than the wisest man. Suspicion here creeps
In, that thy own wisdom's folly, whilst proof
Insensibly will steal upon thee, that
God is only wise. Enthusiasm say'st
Thou? is it unreasonable? what proof? I
Cannot comprehend: is *that* sufficient
Proof? must all men's reason but keep pace with
Thine? with *thine* confin'd, and limited, dark,
Slumb'ring, fetter'd, grovelling in the dust? Is
Thine the standard, balance, and eternal
Rule, to try the orthodoxy, weight and
Justness, of all other's thoughts, and reason
By? Vain man! blush at thy vanity, thy
Pride, and at thy own unreasonableness.
As *Nimrod*, still thy head would'st lift, above
Thy fellows? aspiring still to be a
God, thou pluck'st forbidden fruit. Yea such thou

Art

Art, in thine own ſentiment, who raſhly
Wilt condemn as *hereſy*, and judge as
Fooliſhneſs, what thou approv'ſt not of: and
That becauſe not by thee comprehended.

Read then with candid love and chriſtian mind
And generous principle, ſuch as at
The firſt you had when *Jeſus* gain'd your heart:
'Fore 'twas ſpoil'd, and bigoted with doubtful
Terms of orthodoxy, traditions, ſchemes,
Doctrines and forms of man, pernicious and
Deteſted wiſdom of the preſent age.
In *this* baptiz'd, immediately the Lamb
A roaring lion does commence: and the
(Once) charitable chriſtian, proves a fierce
And fiery bigot. Such not the mind of
Chriſt, nor of the chriſtian man, who lives with
Him: with *him* content and ſatisfied, as
With the better part. Such fly the wrath, and
Bitterneſs, pride, envy, malice, revenge,
And want of charity, conceiv'd in hell;
The brat of Antichriſt, and darling of the
Bigot: carefully nurs'd; by precept
And example recommended, under
The name of chriſtian zeal for holineſs
And truth. *How* can it be, that out of zeal
For holineſs, man ſhould hate his brother?
Where is the proof of greater holineſs
In him? or *where*, when in defence of truth
Againſt the heretic, (by him ſo named)
He breathes revenge and ſlaughter, heaps on him
Slander

Slander, calumny, reproach, reveals all
His infirmities, though to the wounding,
And dishonor of a Saviour's name: and
Then insinuates, that this is proof
Of his being false and heterodox?
But if *this* envious argument is true
Then proves it false the person who propos'd
It. Since each judicious eye can see *it*
Stated in the loss of truth, reproach of
Christ, and forfeiture of his religion.
Whilst all *its* nervous force consists in base
Deceit and treachery; in treatment to
His neighbour shewn, which he would not again,
With willingness, receive from him. Murd'rous,
Atheistick practice, and wickedness
Most manifest. Lord, what is man? yea what
Are christian men, so call'd; when the most
Pious, and *greatest* advocates for truth and
Holiness, are so deceitful, and so
Spiritually wicked? O my God, didst
Thou vouchsafe no greater proof, of the deep
Divinity and truth of thy most pure
And holy gospel, than what is gather'd
From the *best* of all that call upon thy
Name, from their conformity to *thee*, I
Sure should hate the christian name and straightway
Be an Atheist. But that I am not such,
Thou know'st. And would by thy direction make
Confession of my faith in thee, my God.

BOOK II.

Of the humiliation of CHRIST, *in his birth, life, poverty, &c. And by faith in him.*

HIGH on the holy mount, is kept the grand,
The general assembly of the first-
born church; where all the scattered members of
Zion militant, with every perfect
Unimbodied spirit, member of church
Triumphant, meet together; to bless the
God incarnate, keep holiday, and taste
The precious sabbath: where all together
Make but one dear body of all the blest
And holy brotherhood; the deep, divine
Original is *Mary*'s sacred child,
In *Bethl'em* born. There find we all the curse
Of our nativity remov'd; *then* learn
We thankfulness, and not 'till *then*, for our
Creation, being, birth, distinction from the
Brute, thro' sense and immortality.

Deep mystery of God incarnate, the
Everlasting Father, Creator, God
Almighty, a helpless infant born! Of
Woman's seed and substance, took he my whole
Humanity, my nature fallen; and
Thus espous'd me to the fulness of his

Godhead : the virgin's womb myſteriouſly
The bridal-chamber. Confeſs'd as God, by
Her who bare him in her womb, when her ſoul
Rejoic'd in God her Saviour, and ſpirit
Magnified the Lord. Worſhip'd his name by
The young baptiſt, when in mother's belly ;
He heard the joyful tidings of holy
Incarnation : Tho' incapable of
Reaſoning, he leap'd and ſtrangely bounded : as
Tho' o'ercome with joy, he adoration
Pay'd to him, his Lord, and God, and Bridegroom,
Whoſe harbinger he was. With like ſurprize,
Wonder, and joy unſpeakable, I ſee
Him born, ancient of days, and father of
Eternities, a helpleſs child. The God,
Whoſe preſence fills infinite ſpace, upon
His creature's knee. Nouriſh'd by her, whom his
Own hands had made, and powerful word had
Spoken into being ; nor could ſhe for
A moment's ſpace exiſt, without the *power*
And *Godhead* of that child, ſhe in her arms
Bare. *He*, her Creator, and as ſinful
Woman, bleſs'd and ſav'd by *him*. Great Son of
Mary, hail ! born to univerſal reign
And monarchy. Ambaſſadors attend
From every world, to pay thee rightful
Homage in thy humbled ſtate. From *Heaven*
The angels come to own thy government
And right to wear the crown. From *heathen*
Lands
And earth's remoteſt bounds, the princes come
To worſhip thee, great monarch ! to render
Tribute,

Tribute, due from them as ſubjects. Wiſe men
They were, no man that's truly wiſe, but what
Will bow to thee. For thine own *faithful friends*,
On whom is nam'd thy name, *Simeon* of old,
And *Anna*, welcom'd thee; in all their names,
With gladneſs, joy, an unknown extaſy.
Moſt *backward* was the prince of *hell* to own
Thy kingly power, the grandeur of thy reign:
At length, compell'd to own thee, not only
Equal, but his great *Superior*; and that
Before thy greateſt enemies: now cruſhed
By thy Almighty arm, he ſinks, deſpairs,
And fawns, tho' once the brighteſt, moſt radiant,
Of the morning ſtars: When he refus'd to
Worſhip thee, was curs'd, degraded, caſt from
Worlds of light, and now petitions for a
Lodging in a herd of ſwine. And, laſtly,
I, as out of due time born, exceeding
Late, but not too late, am come to own thy
Godhead in thy birth: thy majeſty, great
King of Kings, thy right to reign and govern
This poor heart of mine, ever, ever thine.
Amaz'd, I view, with infinite delight,
The infant God. With *me* the angels gaze,
As having not ſo ſeen their God before;
Glories ineffable, brightneſs divine,
Inſufferable, 'till now had been his firſt
And upper garment; they daring not to
Look on him, as *thus* array'd, trembling wrap'd
Their faces in their wings, and loudly in
The higheſt, with voice like thunder-claps, yet
With tremendous rev'rence, ſung for-ever.

Holy

Holy, holy, holy ; but now they gaze
Their fill ; prompted, by long desire, to look
Into the mystery ; tho' curious in
Their search, intense, and diligent, they fail
To sound the depth of incarnation. I
Found them in amazement when I came ; all
Heaven deep in study, puzzled afresh
Each moment at deeper wonders rising
To their view : them drowning in eternal
Depths of infinity. High seraphims,
And knowing cherubims, dominions, thrones,
Angels, archangels, principalities
And powers, all stood as lost in deepest
Thought : as when a curious searcher fain would
Learn impossibilities. Their eyes as
Fix'd, their faces seats of wonder, centre
Of all the powers, of worship, joy, delight,
And love, pointed me out the new-born God.
With them I gaz'd, nor was it long before
The morning-star arose, and light dawn'd in
My soul ; my God I knew in form of an
Infant ; *I* bow'd the knee ; with me they
Bow'd ; *I* cry'd, my Lord, my God, Creator,
And preserver ; they join'd with me : *I* saw
My nature born anew, of that which once
Was marr'd, a nobler vessel made. Said I,
He wears *my* flesh, my Maker is *my* friend,
My husband ; at this, they stood amaz'd ; I
Added, *I'm* a son, member, and therefore
One with him, that holy thing, born of a
Woman, call'd the Son of God. *Jehovah*
In very deed, comes down to dwell with *me*,
Incarnate

Incarnate, O the joyful ſound! now my
Election, and my calling's ſure. This, the
Firſt moment I e'er was truly thankful
For my *Creation*, and that I am a
Man: when wand'ring in uncertainties, with
Bitterneſs, I curs'd the day, when firſt I
Saw the light, and wiſh'd a brutal mind and
Form, rather than what I was: But now no
More of *that*, my *God* is born, in a
Mortal's form, born in my *nature*, in my
Fleſh, and by the ſpirit's pow'r, born in
My inmoſt ſoul; glory to thee, O Lord.

Great ſon of *Mary*, hail! thy *birth* the deep
Foundation of my perpetual ſonſhip:
Thy love to man, to *me*, unfathom'd, ſince,
For *my* ſake and ſafety, thou wert a poor,
And helpleſs infant born. O wonder, and
Aſtoniſhment! deep boundleſs myſtery,
Omnipotence whoſe powerful word, wiſely
From chaos ſpoke unnumber'd worlds to life
And being, from nothing made; hung by him
In boundleſs ſpace, only ſupported by
His Deity, is here a ſpeechleſs child:
In want of raiment, food and nouriſhment,
But yet, incapable of aſking, to
Have his wants ſupply'd. Thoſe *hands*, that made and
Spread the ſtarry plains abroad, the heav'ns like
A curtain; thoſe *hands*, that graſp the awful
Sceptre, and ſway'd it o'er ten thouſand worlds,
That flung the dreadful thunder-bolts of war;

When

When mighty angels, in rebellion, thought
To ſhake his throne : till drove like tim'rous deer,
By him, to endleſs deeps, and there reſerv'd
For future and eternal judgment : thoſe
Hands are now a feeble infant's : whoſe graſp
Is ſoft, unſteady, and unable to
Defend, or to relieve himſelf. Thoſe *eyes*
Like burning flames, or dreadful fires, ſwifter
Than lightning, or the ſwifteſt comets, ſhoot
Terrible through ſpace infinite : thoſe *eyes*
Omniſcient, from which there is no hiding-
Place, ſeeing all eternities at once,
Are *now*, in infant ſlumber clos'd : when lull'd
To reſt. Where is the ſcribe, the man who dreams
He's wiſe ? Where the diſputer ? can he by
All his wiſdom, fathom this great depth, this
Myſtery unfathomable ? *who* dare
Bow to the new born infant, and yet not
Fear idolatry ? confeſs him, as the
Higheſt, God Almighty, without any
Dread of blaſphemy : commit their life, and
Soul, into his hands : nor doubt his power to
Save, even to the uttermoſt ? *This* man
By wiſdom natural directed, dare
Not do : reaſons how can it be, ſtarts back,
And ſhudders at the thought. Thus thought I once,
But now 'tis not *my* caſe. I worſhip from
My heart the holy child, no other God
I know ; what in him ſtumbles human wit,

And

And wiſdom, and hinders adoration
To be pay'd, is proof moſt pregnant to my
Heart, that *he*, the child at *Bethl'em* born, is
The eternal God. Youug *Bethlemite*, I thee
Adore, thy *birth*, hath healed *mine* of all
Its curſe and malady, into a ſtate
That's *new* I enter now ; where joy and truth,
And plenty reigns ; *where*, as the Prince of peace,
I am thy bleſt and happy ſubject, *here*
With delight, I'll ever learn thy great love.

Bleſt are mine *eyes*, for now they *ſee*; mine *ears*,
For now they *hear* the goſpel day, the year
Of jubilee ; the glory, light and love,
For which the prophets long in darkneſs grop'd,
When unto them it was reveal'd, that they
Should miniſter, not to themſelves, (the depth
Of this great myſtery) but *me* favor'd
With finding God in faſhion as a man.
Nor fleſh, nor blood, the revelation gave,
Of this, the ground-work, deep foundation of
All *my* joy and peace. Did God become a
Man ? *he did :* my ſpirit echoes back a
Man, a poor, deſpiſed, friendleſs, laboring
Man : poor, his *birth*, his *life*, and *death* declares,
And yet, his *miniſters*, his *goſpel*, and
His *cauſe*, not deck'd with ornamental gold,
Nor favor of the world : his kingdom is
Not of the ſame ; therefore deſpis'd by all,
High, and low, by the ignorant, and the wiſe,
By all the fulneſs of the carnal mind,

By

By *hell*, and ſeemingly by *heaven*, to
Mortals judging according to the fleſh.

Friendleſs, amongſt the thouſands of his
friends;
Moſt ſo, in his own houſe; where *all* lay in
Their claim, as faithful friends to him: And
more,
A *labourer* was he; I ſaw him in
The morning light go forth, with implements
Of toil, careful, in honeſty to earn
With ſweating brow his bread: I ſaw, and well
I mark'd his fingers cramp'd, and bended back,
Hewing the knotty oak; how earneſt in
His work, laborious blows and ſtreams of ſweat
Declare. When not a little wearied, through
The human nature's vigor ſpent, that he
No more the axe could lift, I follow'd to
A private, lonely ſhade, where he to gain
His breath, ſo well nigh ſpent, to gather freſh
Contraction to his ſlacken'd nerves, the ferment
In his boiling veins to cool, had now in
Wearineſs retir'd: *There* in a corner
I beheld him ſtand, or kneel, or proſtrate
On the earth along; with eyes, or hands, or
Heart uplifted, *thus* the Virgin's ſon, the
Lab'ring man he prayed: nor *did*, nor *could* he
Then forget the ſinner me, but ſpake a
Word, or more, on my behalf; ſeal'd with a
Lover's ſigh, as when the heart-ſtrings break:
for
Me, then heard, now heard to all the endleſs
Ages

Ages of eternity the same. O
Lovely bridegroom! my dear prevailing Lamb!
'Twas once a curse to be a labourer,
When then pronounc'd as wages, in part, for
Adam's first transgression; but now no more,
Since thou wast made a perfect curse for me.

The sun declining, leaves the horizon,
Whilst darkness interposes and bids the
Lab'rer cease from toil, and rest: fatigu'd and
Weary'd, stagg'ring home he comes. I follow'd
Close, in admiration lost, whilst pregnant
Was my soul with awful wonder, fervent
Love, and rapt'rous extasy. Hungry and
Thirsty, he blest his food, his drink, and fed
With appetite. After a deed of gift
Of *him* and *his*, unto his Father and
His God, with thanks return'd for favors of
The day receiv'd, he laid him down to rest:
How sweet the sleep, how calm the slumber of
The industrious man! *such* was my *Lord* and
God, and *such* his peaceful slumber. Did I
Call him *Lord* and *God*? That *Man* so *poor*, so
Spent with *labor*, so *griev'd*, so *try'd*, and *deep*
In sorrow! *despis'd*, *unmark'd*, number'd with
Adam's sons! yea, still my *Lord*, my *God*! This
Not the product of some fantastic brain,
Nor the wild transport of a sanguine mind;
But *faith* deliberate, sufficient proof;
Which, after calmest consideration, and
Coolest reasoning, leaves my mind so fully
Certify'd, and positively sure, as

Of my own exiſtence : that *he* that *Man*,
The *Galilean*, is my Lord and God !
Fertile this faith producing every hour
Freſh tranſport, flowing ſtreams of ſolemn joy;
Gladneſs in the heart ; whilſt high, triumphant
Sounds of ſacred praiſe flow from my ſoul, my
Tongue ; and all my pow'rs conſpire to love, and
Evermore acknowledge, in that dear *Man*
So wounded, my *Lord !* my *God !* my *Chief !* my
Head ! my *Huſband ! Shepherd ! Lover ! Friend* and
All that's dear to me ! A *worm*, but yet belov'd.

Bleſt, growing youth ! in ſpirit ſubject to
Parents, who thy own creatures were. Dear man
Of ſorrows ! with grief acquainted, deeply
immers'd in woe : *David*'s great *Lord* and *Son !*
Profeſſing poverty, and feeling it
In all its depth, and ev'ry circumſtance
Diſtracting, or that in ſuch a ſtate might
Be the rife of anxious care and ſorrow.
Hungry, *thirſty*, *weary*, toiling for thy
Bread : deny'd what *birds* & *beaſts* were favor'd
With, a place of reſt and ſhelter, from thine
Own voice, in thunder ſtorms, blaſting lightnings,
Flooding rains, the fiercer whirl-wind, ſcorchings
Of the meridian ſun, and chilling dews
Of night ! So *poor* waſt thou, that, of all the
Globe terreſtial, produce of thy powerful
Word, in wiſdom parcel'd out to man, tho'
To the laſt degree ungrateful, one *foot*

Of

Of all was not by thee reſerv'd, to reſt
Thy own afflicted, weary head upon.

Hail, deſpiſed carpenter! the hated
Nazareen: judg'd ſo mean, contemptible
A worm, as not to merit the regard,
Nor once deſerve the notice of *Iſrael's*
Maſter-builders; no form alluring, nor
Comelineſs attracting, in thee can they
Behold: Too *mean* for mammon's worſhippers;
Diſdain'd by rabbies as *illiterate*:
Whilſt by the men, who high pretenſions make
To wiſdom's ways, thou art judg'd the child of
Ignorance, phrenzy, madneſs, and groſſeſt
Fooliſhneſs, the friend of publicans and
Sinners; ſo thought, and thus upbraided; but
Truly prov'd in holineſs the *ſame*, by
All who feel redemption in thy blood. *Once*
Number'd with tranſgreſſors, *now* the *ſame*; ſince
Whoſo in thy name, and goſpel of thy
Wounds, can work a miracle, ſhall *ſtill* be
Branded with diabolic characters;
Whilſt their infirmities, and ev'ry ſlip
Shall be remember'd, and fully charg'd in
Blackeſt and moſt aggravating light, and
Circumſtances on them; which ever had
Forgotten been, had they been falſe to thee.

Forerunner! pilgrim! in unknown ſorrow
Plung'd, in ſpirit pregnant, with horror, pain,
Strange torture, deep amazement, agony,
And undiſſembled woe. Grape, fully ripe,

In

In wine-preſs trod, by greateſt fierceneſs of
Almighty wrath, whilſt river-ſtreams fill up
The fountain, inexhauſtible, with wine,
The richeſt to quench the thirſt, and cheer, with
Infinite and ever new delight, the
Innumerable millions, with a full
Fruition bleſt in the kingdom of the
Father. Hail, friendleſs *man !* by *one* betray'd,
Of *all* forſaken ; offended at the
Scandal of thy ſorrow, dejection, blood,
And pain : dragg'd like a ruffian old in guilt,
Harden'd in murders, ſtain'd with princes blood;
Who, having quench'd each ſpark of virtue, true
Humanity, from fellowſhip of men
Retires to ſome dreary wilderneſs, where,
In a horrid cave, he makes his den, and,
Like a curſed peſt, breathes nought but brutal,
Diabolic fogs, poiſoning a ruin'd
Land ; 'till the whole nation, as one man, arm'd
With ſwords and ſtaves, ariſe to ſeek the foul,
The horrid monſter, with utmoſt rage and
Reſolution to ſpill his blood, and cruſh
His hated life, leſt, with his curſed breath,
He lay the nation waſte : *juſt ſo* they thought,
And thus they *treated* the dear *Man* I love,
True emblem of my *ſtate* by him aſſum'd,
When *He* became a hated curſe for *me.*

Hail *Galilean !* patient in troubles,
Robb'd of thy comely beard, the pious mark
Of fatherhood and gravity ; marr'd more
Thy ſacred face than any man's ; bruis'd, ſwol'n,
Bloody, by hands of ſinners buffeted

And

And mangled; whilſt, blindfold, they thy godhead
Mock, as tho' thou kneweſt not who ſmote thee;
Deriding thee in ev'ry *office*, *name*,
And ſacred *character*, wherein thou art
For-ever lovely to thy *bride*. Under
Thy ſhadow, with delight unſpeakable,
Pleas'd with the ſweetneſs of thy fruit, I ſit
And ſing, O thou bleeding vine! whoſe father
Was the huſbandman: careful lover of
The branches; nor ſparing pains, nor coſt, to
Purge away each matter, which, ſuperfluous
Hinder'd their proſperity. In hope and
Expectation, which none could fruſtrate, He
Sow'd the precious ſeed in many long and (pure
Bloody furrows; when ploughers plough'd thy
And holy fleſh (as fallow ground manur'd
And dreſs'd) with whips and ſcourges, and other
Devices manifold, by earth and hell
Invented; who, in this work, were ſlaves to
Pow'r omnipotent, that the root of all
The holy ſeed might be deep in thy bleſt
Wounds, water'd with many a ſhower of *blood*,
And *ſweat*, and *tears*, until ſo firmly fix'd
And rooted, that neither drought, nor bluſt'ring
Winds, nor ſcorching ſun, could ſpoil their
growth, nor
Marr their *fruitfulneſs*. Bleſt incloſure, well
Secur'd, where ev'ry grain that's *ſown* ſhall
Riſe; whilſt the deep valley of thy bloody
Death, fill'd with a glorious crop, ſhall ſing for
Joy, and bring its plenteous harveſt to the
Eternal garner. *This* to ſecure, Thou

Art

Art content to be *insulted*, crown'd with
A thorny crown, in purple dreſs'd ; as an
Ambitious man, whoſe want of right to reign,
Ignorance, poverty, and qualities
Far viler, render him *mean*, juſtly the
Hatred, ſcorn, deriſion, ſport of ev'ry
Man, when drunken with ambition, he aims
At crown and ſceptre, claiming government.
More yet unlike a king, when, leading to
Thy throne, thou faint'ſt with loſs of blood, beneath
The burden of a curſed tree : the King
Of *Heaven* faints ! and, as a *mortal*, ſinks
When overburden'd, feebly to the ground !

High in the kingdom of thy *croſs*, enthron'd
Upon the top of groaning *calvary*,
The annals of eternity record
The great, uncommon day, when judgment was
From *Thee* remov'd, and humiliation
Deeply graven on *thy* bleeding brow. *Thy*
Face ſo marr'd, unknown to men or angels
Then, none durſt declare *thy* generation,
Or once conceive or think of thy godhead
And eternity : thy friends belov'd, and
Loving thee, were not excepted, ſince they
Were ſtagger'd at thy ſhameful death; reaſoning,
A *man*, a mortal *man*, with *wounds* and *blood*,
And *ſweat*, and *bruiſes*, *ſhame* and *ſpittle*, in
Cruel ignominy cover'd. But thy
Great Father, none thy godhead knew in *this*
Thy depth of miſery ; and *ſuch*, to whom

He

He *did*, and *will*, in love reveal thee : As
Then unto a *thief*, in jaws of death, and
Others since, and at length to *me*, a poor
Unworthy *worm*. With inward joy, and with
A deeply broken heart once stung by sin,
The fiery serpent, I *look*, and clearly
View thee made a shameful curse, naked in
Blood, between the heavens and the earth, as
Fit for neither : angels with wonder gaze,
Pry deep, and, as with great impatience
Wait the *end* and *event* of this profound,
Inexplicable, *deep* and *bloody* hour.
Not so the sons of darkness, and of earth ;
From whom all compassion was withdrawn, and
Pity fled away : each head in mock'ry
Wags ; each tongue reviles and taunts, whilst
not a
Public tear is dropt for *him*, nor dare one
Say *he*'s innocent. Mean-while he *sighs*, and
Weeps, and *groans*, and *bleeds* from ev'ry wound,
and
Cries with bitter cry, *my God ! my God !* whilst
Thrilling horror searches ev'ry thought and
Deep recess, with each reflection of his
Burden'd soul. Thro' ev'ry gaping *wound*, and
Bruised *part*, mortality creeps in : the
Pangs of death come on, his heart-strings break.
He
Cries again, *'Tis finish'd :* glorious sound ; then
Voluntary bows his *head* and *dies*. Now
Universal nature sighs ! convuls'd, it

Groans

Groans in dreadful pangs, threat'ning rebel man
With diſſolution and a general wreck.

Creation mourns! *The ſun* in darkneſs cloath'd,
Makes general proclamation that *light*, firſt
Of the creatures, refuſing now to fill
Its orb, had taken flight, myſterious and
Supernatural! back to its fountain,
Where it was gather'd, ere the ſun was made,
Or yet the moon, or ſtars; as dreading to
Expoſe in blood, and ſhameful form, Him
Who its fountain and ſupply eternal
Was. *Rends*, of its own accord, the temple
Vail, ſo long a type of incarnation,
Surrounding in concealment, myſteries
Sacred, hidden glories from ev'ry eye:
Entrance deny'd to all, but the *High Prieſt*
Excepted, ordain'd to offer ſacrifice,
And *he* with blood to enter: but now the
Price is paid; it points to *all* the living
Way, open to deepeſt holineſs, and
Bids with *boldneſs* to approach to God through
His own mangled fleſh. Trembles the earth, and
Quakes as tho' annihilation, loſs of
Form and matter was at hand; and the old
Reign of chaos would again commence: *Such*
Was its fright at the Creator's death; whilſt
Drinking up his blood, ſtrong phyſic, working
Infinite, mov'd and convuls'd its bowels:
It ſtaggers, reels, and with uncommon pain,
Caſts forth the curſe once ſwallow'd: *Thus*
purg'd, it

Now

Now becomes *new* earth to all the royal
Seed: presenting them with a *new* state of
Things. With horrid cracks and crashings
bursts the
Rocks; whether the marble, adamant or
Flint, when smitten was the rock of ages
On which *Jehovah* stood: Thus broken by
His pain howe'er impenetrable, strong,
Baffles the labor, strength, and skill of man,
Just so the stony heart, that adamant,
Baffling the labor, skill, desire of man,
Refusing to receive the least impress
Of good, by any means he can devise,
Or implements prepar'd by him: But *breaks*,
Dissolves, becomes a springing well, where e'er
His bloody death in spirit's power comes.

All hail, thou wounded, pale, bleeding,
bruis'd and
Breathless corps: In thee the sign of the Son
Of man appears, where blood and water flow'd
From *thy* pierc'd heart! Was ever love like *thine*?
Tho' once asham'd to own, I now believe,
And now confess with all my heart; whilst not
A doubt remains, thou art my *Lord*, my *God*,
The Father of eternity: To *thee*
I bow and *thee* I worship, only *thee*,
Since all the fulness of the Godhead dwells
Bodily in *thee*. O love, delight, and
Joy unfathom'd! now I'm convinc'd, I *taste*,
I *feel* that God is love. Thy *birth*, thy *griefs*,
Thy *poverty*, thy *scandal*, *scorn*, *contempt*,
Accursed *death*, and shameful bloody *toil*,

Arising to my *view*, proclaims the *God*
Of love; with power *irresistible*,
Conquer'd my heart, seiz'd all my soul
With *wonder*, *peace*, triumphant *love*, *more* than
What *angels* know I *feel*. The mighty work
Is *done*, I'm *lov'd*, and sin's *forgiven*: quite
Blotted out, *destroy'd* and *drown'd*, for-ever
Drown'd, in the devouring *ocean* of my
Saviour's *blood*. Nor want I other proof, or
Evidence of love, the unchanging love
Of *God* to *me*, but what's on *Calvary*'s mount
Exhibited; where open to my view, in
Likeness of a hated mortal, sinful,
Dying Man, hangs *Alpha* and *Omega*; *He*
Whose *name* and *nature* only comprehends
Eternity. Each pearly tear, each drop
Of sweat, and falling clod of blood, pregnant
With Godhead's fulness, I behold: whilst each
Tormenting *pain*, deep *sigh*, heart *groan*, loud
call
And bitter *cry*, preaches divinity
In blood to me: And bursts the fountain of
The mighty deep, where the eternal springs
And boundless *ocean*; the love of *God* to
Man lay secreted, conceal'd, and in great
Measure hid from man, *tho'* thus belov'd, till
Now: when *second* deluge flows, not such as
At the first, that *water* only, this *blood*
And *water* both a richer flood compos'd,
That Evidence of *wrath*, this of the *love*
Of God unto a sinful world, that of
Destruction, this *life eternal* to all

On

On whom it flows; caught in this deluge, I
Am not deſtroy'd, but feel the ſprings of life;
And tho' a ſinner, moſt unworthy of
All the ſons that fell, I feel this flood's my
Element, I'm *bleſt*, I'm *happy*, whilſt *here*
I nothing want, I *drink*, I *plunge*, I *waſh*,
And *ſwim* with pleaſure infinite, and joys
Unknown, *home* to the ſacred harbour which
Jeſus has prepar'd: and where my ſoul with
Spirits, now in perfect reſt, would triumph.

From all thy humbled ſteps, incarnate love,
I learn true contentment: and that in ſtate
Of every kind, whilſt paſſing this dreary
Wildetneſs. When ſunk in deepeſt wants and
Poverty, in *mind*, or in eſtate, I
Track thee there; beyond me ſtill. When *hated*,
Friendleſs, and *deſpis'd*, thy footſteps ſtill I
See. When *ſlander'd* and *reproach'd*, I find thou
Haſt been *there*, thy marks are left behind. When
Weary, *hungry*, *thirſty*, *ſick*, *afflicted*,
Griev'd, I've ſtill ſufficient proof *thou* haſt been
Try'd with *all*. When *tempted*, there I ſee thee
In every point like me. When I converſe
With *death*, and truly weigh each circumſtance,
Gloomy and dreadful to a carnal mind,
I ſee thee *there*, in all its deepeſt *pangs*.
Leſt a reluctant thought ſhould grudge the ſight,
Ghaſtly, I view thee *there*, in grave-cloaths, pale
And lifeleſs, ſtretch'd in the ſepulchre. Hail!
Fountain of all bleſſedneſs, with *thee*, I
Welcome every ſtate, ſweet poverty, no

More

More a bugbear to affright my heart, ſince
God, my *God*, has poorer been than I: and
Has hereby unto the bottom, ſapp'd that
State, yea ev'ry ſtate, of all the curſe that
Was therein, for *me* and *other* ſinners
Loſt, when they ſhall feel him *theirs*. Hail glorious
Slander, lack of friends, and ſcorn, contempt and
Hatred, envy, hunger, thirſt, and ſickneſs,
With every change and chance of mortal life;
And laſtly *death*; no more you me affright,
Since *He*, who waded through the depth of all,
And ſtill bears me company through all, that
Man, ſo deep experienc'd, is over all
Bleſſed for-ever; *God*, my *God*: nor ſhall
I ever ſuffer loſs, for *God* is love.

Dear wounded body, where my name, as in
A holy *regiſter*, is kept ſecure;
Where the true leaven of my nature is,
That dear body, leavens the whole lump; which
Makes me temple ſhewbread, holy before
The Lord. 'Tis *there* his heaven is fully
Reconcil'd to my benighted earth, fix'd
There, the ſun of righteouſneſs ſhines in its
High meridian, in all its glorious,
Deep, divine, illuſtrious rays, in the
Apparent *horizon* of his dear
Mangled *body*: 'Tis *here* the brighter lov'd,
And long'd for day-ſpring from on high, makes us
The friendly viſit. Deep counſels, awful
Thoughts,

Thoughts, wiſdom profound, when the amazing
Plan was laid, where I am rais'd, eſpous'd, and
Now become one fleſh with God the word. No
More hoſtility, nor ſounds of war, nor
Strive I longer my vaſt debts to pay, or
Priſon doors to burſt. Conſent I now, with
Full content, his blood ſhall pay my debt, and
He ſhall ſave the ſinner me. Conquer'd, and
Delug'd, drown'd in love, I *faint* I *yield*, I
Bow, become the bleſt and happy ſpoil of
His tormenting ſmart. Thus having gain'd the
Bloody field, and trod the wine-preſs, painful
All alone; he puts his victories on: I
Am the trophy of his might, the robe ſo
Stain'd in blood, the cloathing of the eternal
Word ſubſtantially array'd in fleſh and
Blood, and bone: in love he put me on a
Royal veſture, the adorning of the
Princely Lamb, uncloath'd he will be never:
Once dead, and hanging naked in his blood,
Eternally ſuffices, and gives him
Full commiſſion to wear the robe ſo earn'd,
As the travel of his ſoul. I feel my
Member ſhip in his illuſtrious body,
Even of the holy fleſh, and blood, and bone,
In *him* conceal'd, 'till from the bleeding ſide
Of that dear ſecond *Adam*, when ſleeping,
Was the lovely *Zion* taken, true woman,
Bleſt *Jeruſalem*, that's from above, the
Mother of us all. Deep, ſearchleſs union,
Between almightineſs and man, womb of
The morning, of eternal day, there the

Offspring

Offspring of light begotten were, born not
Of blood, paternal, nor of the will of flesh,
Nor man, but of the will and love of God.

From this divine conjunction of the blest
And sacred twain, the one new man doth spring:
Of whom I am. Great *Salem*, with our high
And holy temple's there, the general
Rendezvous of all the blood-bought throng,
The dear and slaughter'd body of the Prince
Of life: this temple always open stands,
Where ev'ry comer may admittance find,
To touch the sceptre, and bask in smiles of
God. Hail favourite seed, how often meet
We there, amaz'd! we gaze, and walk, and talk,
And jointly witness we how high, how deep,
Our converse then; to this society,
Our grand sublimer conversation,
Wise angels listen, saints releas'd, are all
Attention: whilst from the lips, and spirits,
Breath of us poor creeping worms, the wisdom
Manifold they learn of our great Lamb, and
God: we praise his name with voice united.
There's the smooth ocean of my peace, *calm* and
Serene, whilst not a blust'ring wind, nor yet
A curling wave, rising, disturbs the wide
And pleasing surface. Here's my delightful
Element, this ocean peace, is mine, yea
All the fulness of that peace, which always
Does subsist between my nature and his
Own divinity: thus making *one* of
Both, is he become my peace; in *him* is

All

All my *life*, my *ſtrength*, my *joy*, my *pleaſure*,
And my *purity*, eſſentially in
That dear *man*; who, taken into *God*, the
Judge of all, preſerves me, ſoul and body,
In his own dear blood and fleſh, unto life
Eternal. His Body ſalts my nature,
Preſerves me without ſtench, and always gives
Each myſtic member, a delightful ſweet,
Endearing flavour, in the divine, deep
Scented noſtrils of the eternal mind.

BOOK III.

Of the Resurrection of CHRIST, *and of the Believer's Exaltation with him, and of his life, safety and rejoicing in him.*

HAIL, risen *Saviour*, Conqueror divine,
Of *death*, the *grave*, and *hell*, and *him* that had
The Pow'r of death, *Satan*, Prince of darkness.
Thy resurrection, full acquittance; proof
Indisputable, of *thy* discharge: in
Spirit's power, and strictest rules, of thine
Own justice *justified*: From all thy Bride's
Infirmity, her guilt and shame upon
Thee charg'd: Thro' satisfaction render'd, and
Righteousness brought in. My debt was *thine*, and
Thy just discharge is *mine*, *thy* conquests *mine*,
Thy Righteousness and purity, in which
Eternally *thou*'rt perfect, *my* perfection.
Member of flesh and bone, of the body
Of *my* Lord, I feel I *am*: Therefore, in
Him, and *with* him, evermore accepted.
As *he*, am I received in glory, the
Kingdom of the Father, where truth and love
Unerring justice, spotless purity,
Eternal reigns. Welcom'd by *all* am I,

Nor

Nor can the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny diſcern,
In *me*, as found in *him*, one wrinkle-ſpot,
Defilement, nor the leaſt imperfection.

Hail, everlaſting love, quick'ned and rais'd
With *Thee*, now enter'd into reſt. *Thy* work
Is done, *mine* is for ever finiſh'd: ſince *I*,
With *Thee*, at God's right hand, and on the throne,
Am now ſat down for-ever with *thee* to
Behold *thy* glory. With *thee* in triumph
Crown'd. In *thee* omnipotent, greatly more
Than conqueror o'er every ſpiteful foe:
Their envious rage I ſcorn, nor can I fear;
Aſſur'd in Joy triumphant, *thy* ſteadfaſt,
Friendly hand the ſceptre ſways, all pow'r to
Thee is given, as the reward of all
Thy bloody toil and unknown ſorrow; but
More to exerciſe it on behalf of
Man: Heaven's fav'rite, deeply lov'd, that *he*
In his approach to God, might not at fire
Conſuming, in abſolute perfection,
Be affrighted; ſuch as in majeſty,
Moſt dreadful and tremendous did appear,
When *Moſes*, man of God, faithful in all
His houſe, was not exempt from dread, but moſt
Exceedingly did fear and quake. *Iſrael's*
Rebellious armies felt their ſtrength exhauſt,
The girdle of their manhood looſe, and awful
Fear and trembling ſeize each pow'r of body,
And of mind: with all the potency of
Pray'r, moſt humbly they entreat, that
They no more might hear the words, ſo hard to

Be endur'd ; leſt the *firſt* repetition
Unman them, marr their reaſon, and the *next*
Annihilate their *form*, and their *being*.
I hear *thoſe* ſounds no *more*, no *more* ſhall they
Affright my heart, *nor* ſhall the ſpirit of
Fear, gend'ring to bondage, reign over me
Again : ſince I, on *Zion*'s mount, can hear
The voice of *blood*, behold the wounded
Form, and worſhip *him* in ſpirit's light and
Pow'r, in faſhion as a *man* : as *ſuch*, he
Now reveals himſelf to *man*, to *me* ; where,
As a *huſband*, *brother*, *friend*, (ſacred *theſe*
Characters, and not by him diſdain'd) *be*
Deals with *me*, in all the fulneſs of his
Pity, love and tenderneſs. *He* weeps with *me*,
With *me* he ſighs, whilſt his dear friendly heart
Beats *throb* for *throb* with *mine*. With infinite
Delight he loves, rejoicing over me
With ſinging : my heart the joy before him
Set when he the ſhame deſpiſed, and *curſe* and
Croſs endur'd. This *Man ſo* near related,
So tender, pitiful and kind to me,
Is *God* ; whoſe *name* and *nature*'s love in all
His ways with me. Thus wanting neither *will*,
Nor *pow'r* to *make* and *keep* me bleſt, I ſhall
Not be unhappy ; God is only love.

Hail, thou dear, exalted, highly, glorious
Man : In *thee*, now rais'd, infinitely and
Inconceivably beyond what in my
Firſt creation I was made : *then* lower
Than the loweſt of all the angel-hoſts

And

And orders, but *now* above them ; since *he*,
Who pass'd angelic nature by, disdain'd
Not *Abraham*'s seed, but took *me* on him ; was
Born in *me* an infant, and in *me* liv'd,
And died, and rose again, and wears *me* to
Eternity : whilst proclamation *then*
Was made thro' all eternities and space,
That angel-tribes, of orders infinite and
Various, howe'er distinguish'd, should worship
The first-begotten Son. Hail prince of life,
Because thou liv'st, I live, dear Man, with *thee*:
With *thee* my life is hid in God. My Lord,
Thy life is my security and pledge
Of endless bliss : *thy* life my anchor-hold,
That's now within the veil, where steadfast faith,
And hope endures ev'ry storm, nor can the
Hurricanes of hell, earth, or an evil
Heart, blast *thy* designs, make shipwreck of *my*
Faith, or drown *me* in despair. *He* lives, *his*
Conquests, triumphs, acceptance, righteousness,
Perpetual purity, unchanging peace
And joy, is *mine*, in all its fulness. *Thou*
Liv'st for *me*, I live in *thee* : joint heir, thou
Giv'st me equal claim with *Thee*, to all the
Blessings of *thy* griefs, *thy* bloody toil, and
Shameful death, *thy* now triumphant life,
That perfect rest, where *thou* art enter'd : in
Thee I am complete. Vain man denies the
Safety of thy bride, makes void thy *word*, and
Oath, disputes thy *life*, and reasons thee to
Hell with arguments : their wit suggests, in
Prudence, this the safest way to guard the

Man

Man poſſeſſing *Chriſt*, againſt licentious
Thoughts, and words, and works. To ſtop
one current,
They oppoſe *another*, and fain would *ſin*
Deſtroy, by *ſin* more damning: *far* viler
In the ſight of *God*, tho' not ſo deem'd by
Man, even unbelief and perfidy.

Thy name, *Immanuel*, points my ſafety out;
God with *me*, and I with *thee*, united
In *thy* humanity. Whilſt thou art *God*
And *Man*, and yet one *Chriſt*, I ſhall be ſafe.
The union of thy natures, in *one*, and
Only one unchanging *name* and *perſon*,
Eternally preſerves me: *that* union
Is *my* life: if *that* cannot diſſolve, then
Am *I* ſafe: for *that*'s the ground of all my
Faith and hope, and *that* ſhall laſt when *ſun* and
Moon ſhall fail, e'en as the days of *heaven*,
And date of *God himſelf* ſhall this remain.
Now I behold my whole humanity
Is ſav'd, my ſpirit's *now* in bliſs, my fleſh
Shall reſt in hope, for ev'ry atom's ſav'd,
Purchas'd, to God united in the fleſh
Of *Jeſus*: by *which* means it ſhall *riſe* at
The reſurrection of the *juſt*, a pure
And glorious *body*, free from all pain, and
Each infirmity. Hail *preſent* fountain
Of my joy, and certain evidence of
Future bliſs, I bow the knee to Thee, and
Honor evermore thy *great*, thy *ſacred*
Name. *Immortal* bleſſings and renown, my

Deareſt

Deareſt Lord, await thee! may all my ſoul
Be love, and all my pow'rs conſpire to thank
Thee, O my God: whilſt thou wilt not refuſe
To hear my voice, nor to accept my juſt,
Tho' artleſs praiſe. Now I, dear man, am *thine*,
Soul, body, ſpirit all is *thine*, in *thee*
Redeem'd, in *thee* preſerv'd, and call'd. Now, by
My heart's conſent, I am *thine*, no more
Afraid, neither atham'd, to own I am
Thy ſpouſe, and *thou* my deareſt *Bridegroom*.
Contented with *thee*, with *thee* am fully
Satisfied, no ſounds of war, nor golden
Bait, nor praiſe of man, nor rumour, ſhall *fright*,
Nor *tempt* me *thence*. Fix'd in this point, I feel
My heart, to pour contempt on *all* but my
Jeſus crucified: For *this*, let hatred,
Scandal, and rage of men purſue me, I'll
Calmly *ſmile*, and honeſtly *proteſt*, if
In my fleſh, angelic purity I
Had, I'd ſacrifice it to his *blood*, nor
Would I know my *ſoul*: *nor* is my heart
In this deceiv'd, witneſs the God of *truth*,
Of *peace*, of *love*, and *heaven*, within. Hail
Bridegroom, lovely Bridegroom, thou art & ſhall
Be all my theme, my ſong, and my delight.

My leaping heart rejoices, exulting
In thy name, perſuaded, when thou doſt in
Fulleſt glory come, to own thy bride, and
Conſummate her joys, *I* ſhall be *with thee*,
And *then* be as thou art. With *thee*, my God
And Lamb, thro' all eternities I'll ſoar,

In

In *heights* and *depths* of fountain-love: And glow
In *Father*, *word*, and *ſpirit*, one *God*, one
Saviour, unchangeable, eternal and
Supreme. 'Till *then*, dear Bridegroom, keep
me near
Thy heart, immerg'd in love's eternal ſea.
Help me to keep high holiday with thee;
Now enter'd into reſt. Let the day of
Thy eſpouſals, in full meridian, for
Ever ſhine on me; let *this* the lovely
Day of the gladneſs of my heart, which thy
Dear Blood hath purchaſed, eternal be.

O wiſdom, love, and power infinite!
Diſplay'd in mercy's beams to *me*; where all
Thy attributes, my God, in the *ſweeteſt*
Harmony, and full perfection, join to
Bleſs my mind with *peace*, and endleſs *life*, and
To pronounce me *fair*, without a *ſpot*. What
Wiſdom, but thine own, could draw the wond'rous
Plan, or form this well-concerted *ſcheme*? What
Love but *thine*, could ſtoop to ſave a *worm*, an
Enemy, by taking *likeneſs* of what
Thy ſoul abhor'd, and ſhedding blood to *death*
For ſuch, who were in *heart* and *practice*, moſt
Oppoſite to *thee!* what pow'r but *thine*, my
Lord, my *God*, could from the mighty take the
Prey, and ranſom lawful captives; *dying*
Conquer *death* and *hell*, and ſet the priſoners
Free! O depth amazing! ſpace infinite!
Fountain of wiſdom! all thine own! drowning
Each finite thought in the wide ocean of
Eternity.

Eternity. *Thy* will the only *guide*,
And *counsellor*, of all thy *purposes*
And deep *designs*. Thy *love*, the great and plain
Expositor of thy eternal mind.
That suff'ring *love*, on *Calvary's* hill, in
Blood and *sweat*, and dying *pangs*, unfolding
Dark decrees, and hidden *mysteries*; how
Thou hast *lov'd* with everlasting *love*, this
Soul of *mine*, in all the *fulness* of that
Love, wherewith thou lov'st that *man*, who is thy
Fellow. O! boundless grace, was ever love
Like *thine*? awake my soul, with all thy pow'rs,
To consecrate the *name*, and sing the *praise*,
The endless *praise*, of thy great God of love.

Clear up my understanding, ope thine eyes,
Piercing thro' every shade, each gloom dispel,
and
Gather thy most beautiful *ideas*, thy
Scatter'd thoughts *collect*, and fix them steadfast
On that *Man*, who dy'd on *Calv'ry's* hill:
To know *him crucified*: and thus prepare
The way to *praise*, and *glory* in his *name*.
Consent my will, more perfectly each *day*
And *hour*, to bow the *knee*, become his *spoil*,
And sing his blood: drowning each base desire
There, and be no longer *mine*, but *his*. Thou
Throne of God, my *conscience*, wash'd, and made
pure,
Seat of the holy Lamb, *tribunal* of
His *justice*, *purity*, and *love*, to *me*
All love, since I have nothing merited,

But

But hell: but in the rules of strictest *truth*,
And justice *thine*, since the atonement's *there*:
Which purges it from ev'ry *thought*, and *work*
That's dead, and always teaches answers, that's
Pleasing to thy nature: the sacred praise
Maintain. *Awake* my passions with freeness
My affections, *rouse* and *burn*, with fiercer
Flame, and fiercer *still*; tow'ring on strongest
Pinion, to unmeasurable heights of
Love, desir'd love, to that dear *man* your *Lord*
And *God*, in servant's form: mount from the
world,
And break the creature's chain, and centre with
Eternal praise, in *him*, so worthy your
Esteem. Let every sense of mine draw near,
And join to praise his name: my *eyes* for you
Have seen the Lord, the beautious *King*, in all
His bloody garments. Mine *ears*, for you have
Heard that sound of blood, than *Abel*'s blood far
Better, his *cries*, *complaints*, and *groans*, were not
Unmark'd by *you*, nor when in love he (hung
Expiring) preach'd redemption finish'd: to
You most joyful tidings. My *hands*, for you
Have handled incarnation, and felt the
Word of life. My *palate*, thou hast tasted
Heavenly manna, bread of life thy food
Perpetually, I charge *thee* relish nought
Besides, that *flesh* and *blood*, given to *me*,
Spiritual sustenance. My *nostrils*, you
Have smelt the steaming sacrifice, reeking
In blood, upon the altar of the cross.

Together

Together all conſpire, to praiſe the *Lamb*;
And evermore adore my *Lord*, my *God*.

My *Soul* with inward *heaven* and *wonder*
Fill'd, my *body* quickned, animated,
By the power of love; my thrilling *blood*
Soft circulating through love's impreſs: my
Bone, not unaffected with the powerful
Force: *All* the whole *man* redeem'd, I ſummon
All to praiſe his name: glory, honor, might,
Majeſty, power, and dominion, be,
O my God, my *Saviour*, evermore to
Thee aſcrib'd. *Zion* favour'd bride, yet in the
Kingdom of the croſs, and militant on
Earth, aſſiſt my feeble praiſes. Awake
You ſons of *God*, and *men*, and praiſe with me.
And you eſpecially, who, once with me,
Were faithful to unrighteous Mammon, juſt
And unwearied in our ſervice, to our
Luſts, and to the *Prince* of darkneſs. But now
Redeem'd and *waſh'd*, and having much forgiv'n,
You cannot chooſe but join with *me* to *love*,
And *praiſe* the *Saviour* much. And *you* who are
Call'd the *better* ſort of men, as having
Ow'd but fifty pence, if that's forgiven, bear
With me: Whilſt ſeemingly I'm *mad* with joy,
And only talk of *Jeſus*, and his *blood*.
Think, if you can, that I'm belov'd, and then
The little that you feel, will reaſonably
Excuſe my ſeeming phrenſy, and my ſong
Of praiſe to *Chriſt* the ſlaughter'd Lamb: How-
e'er

Disorderly. Nor will you then refuse
To bear a part with me, where *orderly*,
I possibly may touch the pleasing string,

Angels, distinguish'd in your *names*, your *heights*
Of glory, and of power; as you are pleas'd
To see the prodigal return, and shout
With mighty joys, when sinners *sav'd* and *wash'd*
In *Jesus'* blood, advance with longs of praise:
Now join with *me*, sing you his *Godhead*, and
Eternity, I'll sing the *fame*, and *more*:
That he was *man* for *me*. Sing you his *power*,
Creating words innumerable, I'll
Sing the *Love* that died for *this*, and *me* a
Worm *especially*. Sing you his glory
And universal monarchy; thro, all
Eternities, I'll sing the bleeding *King*,
The *victories* he has won, and how his
Love has conquer'd *this* my stubborn heart. Sing
You the favors he has shewn to *you*, your
Natures *excellent*, your station *high*, your
Service in his presence, and how he kept
You, when so many miriads fell. I'll sing
His *love*, that pass'd *your* nature *by*, and took
My flesh, and blood, and wears it on the throne
In *which* I am exalted, rais'd a *son*,
A *king*, and *consort* of my *Maker*; for
Ever in his pretence, on his heart, his
Glory and his *diadem*. The love that
Finish'd my transgressions, made me pure, and
Evermore preserves me, without *spot*, or

Stain,

Stain, his *joy* and his *rejoicing*. O! was
Ever love like *this*? Triumphant *Zion*,
Join with *me*. *Once* sons of tribulation,
Sav'd by the worthy Lamb, your robes *now* wash'd,
And in his blood made white, the force of love
Distinguishing, forgiving, perpetual,
And unchangeable, *you* know; with ever
New delight, I hear *you* sing, *worthy the Lamb, once slain, who by his blood redeem'd us Unto God.* Since *this* is all your theme, with
You, my ev'ry pow'r shall join and sing:
For ever worthy is the Lamb, worthy the Lamb,
Worthy the holy slaughter'd Lamb: To *live*
And *reign* over ev'ry world and creature,
Let all the church of God, *above*, *below*,
And all things else that breathe, with *me*, conspire
To lift his sacred praise, 'till time shall *die*,
And an eternal state *commence*. Wonder-Smitten, I *sink*, I *bow*, beneath the weight
Of everlasting *love*, *thy* love, my God!

Great the salvation, O! my God, which thou
Hast wrought: For *man*, for *me* rebellious worm.
Beyond example, great thy *love* which *first*
Inspir'd, and seal'd instruction on my mind;
And led from shades of *night*, to brighter *day*
This soul of *mine*: where first it learn'd, that free
And full redemption, thy dear blood contains,
Remitting each offence. Divinely taught,
For shelter, to thy wounds with willingness
I fled, as doves pursu'd, fly speedily from
Vultures

Vultures claws, to gaping clefts of broken
Rocks their *safe* retreat. The great salvation
I accepted, the better part I chose,
Thro' *love*, Almighty *love*'s impulse! nor *else*
Had I been sav'd but lost in unbelief
And ignorance; had *sunk* to endless depths
Of ruin, and perdition: neglecting
All thy love to know, or feel its power.
Here as my chiefest good, I *love* with *love*
Unspeakable, my God incarnate: who
Loved me first. I love him so, that loss of
Friends, and *health*, and *strength*, to me not
grievous.
Nor breaks my peace. Nor henceforth will I know
With confidence, no friend, but what I know
In *him*; as fellow member of his *flesh*,
And *bone*, where friendship, founded in unity
Of that dear body, knows *no change*: where but
One life, *one* name, and character's possess'd
By *all*: each member equally impress
With the other's grief, or joy. Whilst *him* I
Know, I want not friends: when *most* forsaken,
Most embrac'd: in *deepest* sickness *purest*
Health: and *strongest* when with *weakness* cloath'd.
I love *thee* to that scorn, contempt and shame,
For *thee* with *me* are trifles: They gall *me*
Not, nor would I fly the *cross*, nor from my
Forehead wipe the scandal of thy bloody
Death when, charged on *me* as *foolishness*
Or *blasphemy*. I hug the thorny crown,
Of wearing it ambitious, the highest
Honor, I would, whilst here, aspire unto.

I love

I love thee so, that none of all *thy* works
I hate, an enemy to none am I,
All men I learn to love, but *none* I fear.
Nor can revenge or malice lodge within
My breast, *forgiveness* as thou hast forgiven
Me, I *feel* to *all* who injure *me*, and
Prove themselves *my foes*: bowing the knee for
Them I pray, and love them with all love, that
Fulness excepted, where I feel the dear
United body of the Lamb my God.
I love thee *so*, that *sin*, and *only* sin's
My *hell*, yea *worse* than *hell*. To make me *sad*,
And *miserable*, thou only needest
Draw thine arm back and let me fall a prey
To what within me lurks, as ever *there*
And *ready*, as a bold usurper to
Mount thy throne, impose new laws, and *govern*
With arbitrary *rule*, and with a *rod*
Of iron. *This*, *this* is hell to me, and
Only this: for *this*, I look to *thee* whom
I have pierc'd, with broken heart, and as with
Tears of blood, I wash thy wounded feet, griev'd
That I grieve thy heart, by sin repeated:
Wounding my soul afresh with sharpest pain.

I love Thee so, that never hunted *hart*,
Did pant for water brooks, nor thirsty *land*,
For the descending showers, nor shipwreck'd
Man, when, from the eminence of a wave, he
Spies the solid land, to reach the same: nor
Weary *traveller*, from whom the light is
Fled, in desart land where roams the savage
Beast,

Beaſt, for the revolving day : as thirſts my
Soul for *Thee* my *God*, I hunger, pant and
With deſire I pine, to wear thine image :
The meekneſs, love and pity, of the *man* of
Nazareth charms my heart, and makes me *long*
As never lover did, to bear thy *mind*,
Thy *likeneſs*, O ! my Lord, and to poſſeſs
Thee, in all the fulneſs of thy *ſpirit*,
And ev'ry beauteous temper deep, divine.

I love thee ſo, that *death* no more affrights my
Waiting ſoul, I kiſs the dart, once dreaded,
By which mortality creeps *in* to looſe
The knot, which ties me to a clod of *duſt*.
Crowding on every ſenſe, repeated
Meſſengers are *ſent*, to *lecture* on the
Certainty of death, to me each *day* and
Hour, I welcome them, thou knoweſt, as one
To whom no tidings are more grateful, nor
Can there be a theme more pleaſing, *ſtudy*
Or *meditation* more delightful than
That, I ſhall put off my *clay* to meet my
Lord, to ſee the beauteous *King*, and read his
Battles, valor, conqueſt, and his love to
Me, in all the *wounds* and *ſcars*, he wears as
Now *before* and *on* the throne ; legible
Characters, deeply engraven in his
Sacred *fleſh*, the *book* of *life*, which keeps my
Name ſecure. To *die* is *gain* : not that I
Dare not live, ſince *Jeſus* lives, contented
I wou'd be to live for *him*, and be the
Common mark of *envy* and *diſdain*.

But

But O ! I long to see my *Lord*, my God,
Dear Man, celestial, where beauty, untold
Beauty, in perfection shines : that *face* once
Marr'd, and more than any man's, I long to
Gaze upon without a *glass*. Those *hands*, those
Feet, and sacred *side* so pierc'd, I clearer
Still would view; and there would learn, indeeper
Lesson yet, the love of God to *man*, to
Me unworthy *worm*. Fain would I flee my
Evil heart, my nature sinful ; and from
The bait alluring to the flesh : escape
The son of wickedness, and all his rage
And power, and rest me in the mansion
My *Jesus* has prepar'd : my weary soul.
Shall there for-ever rest, and wickedness
Shall cease from burdening, or troubling me.

I love Thee so as not to dread the day
When thou with *wrath* and *judgment* cloath'd, shalt make
Thy grand appearance, on the clouds, to judge
The worlds of *angels*, and of *man*. Although
Ten thousand terrors then shall fly before
Thy face, to wound with *horror*, and (with yet
Unknown) *despair*, all thy *foes* : who would not
Own thy government; but mock'd thy blood, and
Thy despised reign. Tho' *sun*, and *moon*, and
Stars, shall fail ; tho' *heaven* and *earth* shall pass
Away ; tho' *blood*, and *fire*, and *smoaky*
Pillars shall appear, trembling the hearts of
Men, and mourning all the different *tribes* of
Earth

Earth ; tho' *bond* and *free*, and *high* and *low*,
shall
Cry aloud to *rocks* and *mountains* for to
Hide them from thy wrath ; greatly incenſed
On that dreadful *day* : yet fear *I* not, but
Loving *thee* my Lord, I pray thee *quickly*
Come, the awful proſpect of that day is
Pleaſing to my ſoul, make *haſte* my *God*, my
King : and call thy bride, to ſee thy foes caſt
Down beneath thy *feet*, and there conſtrain'd to
Own thy *Godhead*, and thy powerful *hand*.
Thy love to *me* ſupports my confidence :
Made thee, at firſt, my *joy* my *ſole delight* ;
Gladden'd my heart, my tongue, and bid me ſing
The following ſongs of praiſe to thee, my Lord.

HYMNS, &c.

HYMN I.

All things are delivered unto me, of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, &c. *Matt.* xi. 27.

1 ALL things deliver'd are
to *Jesus*, as the Son;
Whilst we, in all things, with him share,
With him for-ever one.

2 We were the Father's love;
Us to his Son he gave;
Where we his life and fulness prove,
And in him glory have.

3 To us he gave all grace,
In *Christ*, the man divine;
And we in him, before his face,
In perfect beauty shine.

4 There's none can know the Son,
Or witneſs who he is,
But he who's with the Father one,
His love and righteouſneſs !

5 We in perfection dwell,
Where we the Father ſee ;
As one with him, we now can tell
The Son's the man that's free.

6 From precept and demand,
Free from all ſin and fear,
Our ſonſhip ſhall in *Jeſus* ſtand,
Without our toil or care.

7 None but the Son, ſo bleſt,
Can God as Father own ;
Until we are the Son confeſt,
The Father is unknown.

8 O the amazing grace
We have in *Jeſus* ſeen !
The glory of the Father's face,
Without a veil between.

9 Now, perfected in God,
His richeſt grace we prove,
The way to which is *Jeſu's* blood,
The proof ſupreme of love.

II.

For it pleased, that in him should all fulness dwell,
Col. i. 19.

1 ALL fullness in the Lamb we view;
To look beside him, loss:
He's only holy, just and true;
All else is dung and dross.

2 There dwells in him, as stain'd with blood,
Jehovah's power and name;
Greatly, from everlasting, God,
Yea, when the slaughter'd Lamb.

3 In him we know the holy bride
All gather'd into one;
She looks out through his bleeding side,
With all her beauties on.

4 In him we see God's heav'n, our earth,
In perfect peace agree:
This gives our one new man its birth,
And fits our nature free.

5 His purg'd humanity is ours,
And in it now we prove
A seat above the heavenly pow'rs,
Fix'd in the Father's love.

6 New heav'ns, new earth, we now poſſeſs ;
Beulah, that bleſſed field,
Where dwells eternal righteouſneſs ;
And God's our ſun and ſhield.

7 Here's nothing hurtful to deſtroy ;
The holy mountain's here ;
No curſe, nor ſin, us to annoy,
No torment, guilt, or fear.

8 Of *Jeſus* we will never ceaſe
To ſing as we began ;
In whom there dwells, in perfect peace,
God and his darling man.

III.

Speak unto the Children of Iſrael, *that they go forward*, Exod. xiv. 15.

1 *CANAAN* promis'd is before ;
Come let us forward go,
Not the ocean, nor its roar,
Nor the *Egyptian* foe,
May obſtruct, when God commands ;
His pow'r on our behalf he ſhows :
Move we forward to the land,
Where milk and honey flows.

2 *Pharaoh*'s hoſts, our fleſh and ſenſe,
Preſs hard upon our rear ;

Vainly

Vainly ſtrive to cauſe offence,
Or make the ſpirit fear:
God protects us in his hand,
Whilſt vengeance on his foes he throws:
Move we forward, &c.

3 Roaring floods clap hands aloud,
To drive us back again;
Seas of trials vaſtly crowd
T' affright the ſons of men:
Jeſus bids us quiet ſtand,
Whilſt he his great ſalvation ſhows:
Move we forward, &c.

4 Seas divide before our face,
And ſtand upon an heap;
Mighty waters, by his grace,
Shrink from the fearful deep:
On we march at his command,
Nor dread the power of our foes:
Move we forward, &c.

5 Love, which God to us doth ſhew,
Strikes the *Egyptian* dead;
Floods, which give *us* paſſage thro',
Return upon their head:
Dead we ſee them on the ſtrand,
Nor can they farther us purſue;
We are in *Immanuel's* land,
Where milk and honey flow.

IV.

In his Humiliation his Judgment was taken away, Acts viii. 33.

1 DEAR Lamb! thy humbled ſtate we ſing,
Thy name, thy wounds and blood we praiſe;
We own thee, infant God, our King,
And to thy Throne our hearts we raiſe.

2 Dear holy child, we ſing the birth
Of him conceiv'd in holineſs;
Where God our maker took our earth,
Our curſe and all our helpleſſneſs.

3 Thy firſt blood-ſhedding hath us ſeal'd,
In peace and covenant with God,
From fleſhly filth and ſhame, now heal'd
By holy circumciſion-blood.

4 Thou God of love, yet growing youth,
Subject to creature-parents thou;
Thy humble ſteps, eternal truth,
Make us admire, and, wond'ring, bow,

5 Poor man, deſpiſed *Nazarene*,
With ſweating brow thou earn'dſt thy bread;
Great God! thy glories were unſeen,
And from the eyes of mortals hid.

6 Hum-

6 Humbled in poverty and pain,
Temptation sore, contempt and scorn;
That curse of ours for to sustain,
Was the eternal Father born.

7 Empty'd of all, for tort'ring smart;
His honor and his judgment lost:
Deep, unknown sorrows fill'd his heart;
His soul with fierce temptations tost.

8 By this, the everlasting grace,
And nature-love of God appears;
By this we see the Father's face,
Where lost are all our sins and fears.

V.

Israel *shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting Salvation*, Isaiah XLV, 17.

1 GREATLY belov'd,
Of God approv'd;
Ere time began,
Jehovah's darling man
Possess'd his nature, love,
Above;
There man is known,
Whilst angels own,
Above them far,
This *bright and morning star.*

2 When

2 When all beheld,
With wonder fill'd,
The glorious grace
Sparkle in *Jesu's* face;
We, worms, as wholly blind
In mind,
Could not discern
What did concern
Our hearts alone,
That orb in which we shone.

3 But God would show,
To us below,
His grace and choice,
Whilst we in heart rejoice;
And this reveal'd by blood.
When God
Became a man;
And then began
In love to cure
Our nature, blind, impure.

4 The work was great,
It made him sweat,
Blood-rivers flow'd,
He groan'd and cry'd aloud;
Whilst sorrows rent his heart
With smart
Unspeakable:
The pains of Hell,
Infernal wrath,
Incompass'd him in death.

5 With

5 With many tears,
And unknown fears,
Heart-breaking ſighs,
Infinite agonies,
Wounds, blood, and bruiſes freſh,
His fleſh
All over fill ;
In anguiſh, ſtill,
He yelds his breath
To the accurſed death.

6 Fail nature's laws ;
The ſun withdraws ;
With dreadful crack,
The rocks aſunder break ;
Convuls'd creation ſhakes,
Earth quakes ;
All old things die,
Non-entity
Paſs'd over all
That liv'd by *Adam's* fall.

7 Hence came the hour,
When God, with pow'r,
Rais'd from the dead
The members, and the head ;
In that one perfect man,
The plan
Of grace we ſee,
Where *Chriſt* and we
Were nam'd in one,
The Father's only Son.

8 His joy fulfill'd
In ev'ry child:
We, in that grace,
Behold the Father's face:
In that exalted man,
We can
For-ever view,
That love, so true,
Which did us raise
To never-ceasing praise.

VI.

To make the Captain of their Salvation perfect, through sufferings, Heb. ii. 10.

1 HAIL, *Jesus*, perfect God and man
Sole author of salvation's plan;
Thou felt'st our misery:
Perfect, thro' suff'rings, thou wast made,
The members, perfect as their head,
With joy, salvation cry.

2 Obedient to thy blood and death,
Obedient to th' inspiring breath,
Are all our inward pow'rs:
Thy body we, in thee belov'd,
Thy sorrows hath our joy improv'd,
Eternal life is ours.

3 Barr'd

3 Barr'd is the way to happineſs;
The mind kept back from perfect peace,
Until the *Saviour's* known:
Known as a man, yet God with us,
Who bare our mis'ries on the croſs,
And made them all his own.

4 Hence on the pinions of thy love;
I ſoar from earth to dwell above,
Where thou haſt led the way;
Whilſt heights of bliſs my ſoul ſurprize,
Thy wounded form ſtill bids me riſe
To brighter, brighter day.

5 I welcome ev'ry ſtate with thee,
Since thou wilt my companion be,
Thro' all this field of blood:
Thy life preſerves my heav'n ſure,
Thou ſhalt be now and evermore,
My *Jeſus* and my God.

VII.

I was ſet up from everlaſting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. Then I was by him, as one brought up with him: and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him. Prov. viii. 23. 30.

1 HAIL! high, exalted, righteous man,
Firſt of the ways of God!
Whoſe work of love in thee began,
As witneſs'd by thy blood.

2 Before

2 Before the ſons of God declar'd
With ſhouts, their ſolemn joy;
Or ſongs of morning ſtars were heard,
As pure without alloy:

3 Thy early day, proclaim'd thee then,
The firſt-born child of grace;
Great repreſentative of men,
Before the Father's face.

4 The great inviſible we ſee,
In thee, and thee alone:
To men, and angels out of thee,
The Godhead is unknown.

5 God's noble works ſhine in thy face,
Thou his infinite thought;
Creation, providence, and grace,
In thee decreed and wrought.

The ſame.

VIII.

1 TH' unutterable word thou art,
O *Chriſt*, to ſons of men;
Jehovah ſpake thee from his heart,
And worlds exiſted then.

2 He ſpake thee then a law to all
The glorious hierarchy,

And

And firm decreed their dreadful fall,
Who would not worſhip thee.

3 By thee he rules the worlds above,
And all the worlds below;
By thee he doth his grace and love,
His wrath and juſtice, ſhew.

4 Thou, the exalted throne of grace,
The Father's peaceful ſeat,
Where we with joy behold his face,
And worſhip at his feet.

5 In thee now ſav'd, no more we fear
The curſe of *Adam's* fall;
In thee with boldneſs we draw near
To God, the judge of all.

IX.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the huſband-man, John xv. 1.

1 JESUS, the grace reveal'd,
The great ſalvation ſhewn,
The ſum of love's decrees unſeal'd,
The plant of great renown.

2 Rais'd by the Father's grace,
The plant of his right hand,
To repreſent before his face,
The ſouls from ev'ry land.

3 Plant

3 Plant of the Father's care,
On whom his love did ſhine;
The branches in him hidden were,
'Till he grew to a vine.

4 The eternal huſbandman,
To make the branches pure,
In wiſdom infinite began
Our barrenneſs to cure.

5 He then this vine would dreſs,
Whilſt love his hand did urge,
That ev'ry branch in righteouſneſs
He in one vine might purge.

6 From each ſuperfl'ous ſhoot,
The buds of man's offence;
This to deſtroy he purg'd the root,
And in it ev'ry branch.

7 With bruiſes was he dreſt,
And nail'd up to a tree;
The pruning hook his ſoul oppreſt,
That he might fruitful be.

8 He was not purg'd in vain,
But did his ſtrength recruit;
And when was finiſh'd all his pain,
There then appear'd his fruit.

9 Diſtill'd

9 Diſtill'd from all his ſmart
The holy unction ran;
This is the wine that chears the heart,
The heart of GOD and man.

10 With us he doth abound,
As branches, he the ſtem;
From him our fruitfulneſs is found,
And ſhall remain in him

11 Hence ſhall our joys ariſe,
And ev'ry hour improve,
Whilſt, in his ſmoaking ſacrifice,
GOD hears our ſongs above.

X.

Thoſe that thou gaveſt me, I have kept; and none of them are loſt, but the ſon of perdition, that the ſcripture might be fulfilled. John xvii. 12.

1 JESUS, the Father's richeſt grace,
Anointed to behold his face,
As all the church in one;
The holy promis'd *Shiloh*, he,
In whom the bride ſhould gather'd be,
As one beloved ſon.

2 He kept us in the Father's name,
Thro' all this world of ſin and ſhame,

So that there's missing none :
Tho' torn his side, his hands and feet,
His body's still preserv'd compleat,
Without a broken bone.

3 He kept us in the dreadful hour,
The Father's name, his love, and pow'r
Preserv'd the souls he gave :
His future glory we were giv'n,
Our loss, had been *his* loss of heav'n,
But he was strong to save.

4 The members giv'n unto the head,
One son, one perfect body made,
The darling of our God :
He gave each member's curse, and pride,
To die the death when *Jesus* dy'd,
All to be purg'd with blood.

5 That he might make our nature clean,
The Father laid on him our sin,
Whilst with temptations tost,
Most dreadful cries were heard, with blood,
Whilst in the storm and wrath of God,
Perdition's son was lost ;

6 Lost from the Father's piercing sight,
Deep buried in eternal night,
Now lies the man of sin ;
And, lost for-ever from our view,
When we in spirit *Jesus* knew,
And with him enter in.

7 Now are the ſcriptures all fulfill'd
In Chriſt, the virgin's promis'd child,
Man ſav'd, and ſin condemn'd:
Brought home to ſee the Father's face,
Where we inherit all his grace,
And are by him eſteem'd.

XI.

He that deſcended is the ſame alſo that aſcended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things, Eph. 4. 10.

1 JESUS, the *Saviour*, from above,
The Father's deep, deſcending love
Reach'd us, the lower parts of earth,
And rais'd us to a heav'nly birth:
He who aſcends to glory is the ſame,
As humbled to the earth, from heaven came.

2 Above the higheſt heavens far,
Earth's lower parts now riſen are;
When God, who put our nature on,
Aſcended, the triumphant man,
Where thrones, dominions, powers, and
Angels fall
Before his face, as filling all in all.

3 Pre-eminence to *Jeſus* giv'n,
To fill all things in earth and heav'n:

The dispensation now is come,
When God has gather'd all things home;
All things in love are gather'd into one,
Where heaven and earth make one beloved Son.

4 Now *Jesus* fills all things, we know;
All things above, and all below;
That he fills all things, we are sure,
Hence all things now to us are pure:
In faith's idea no vacuum we find,
For he fills all, as God's eternal mind.

5 Nothing but *Jesus* now we view;
Old things are lost, and all things new:
He fills our heart, our eye, our ear,
And nought but *Jesus* doth appear.
O holy mystery! here ends our want,
Our griefs, our sorrows, troubles and complaint.

XII.

Can a woman forget her suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, Isa. xlix. 15.

1 LET Heav'n and earth united sing
The praises of the God of love,
Our *Husband*, *Saviour*, God and King,
Whose name and nature such we prove.

2 But *Zion*, church and bride of God,
Withdrawing from the joyful throng,
Bewails her ſtate of widowhood,
And vents complaint inſtead of ſong.

3 For grief, an abſent God's her plea,
In deepeſt ſorrow thus ſhe cries,
The Lord he hath forſaken me,
Diſſolv'd are all the ſolemn ties.

4 I of my God forgotten am,
Tho' once belov'd and nam'd his bride;
My glory's turned into ſhame,
Where from my mis'ries may I hide?

5 Ceaſe virgin-ſpouſe, why ſhould'ſt thou grieve,
And cauſeleſs mourn in tears of blood?
Thy joy is full, only believe,
And hear what ſays thy huſband, God.

6 Can mothers kind forgetful prove,
Of ſucklings nouriſh'd at the breaſt,
Maternal bowels ceaſe to move
To infants when with pain oppreſs'd?

7 Or can compaſſion leave the heart
Whilſt they their ſmiling babes expoſe
To death, without b'ing kill'd with ſmart,
And feel again their pangs and throes?

8 Thoſe, worſe than brutal, may forget,
Who having nature's laws withſtood;
Thro' curs'd impulſe, ſtrange, nameleſs great,
Imbrue their hands in infant's blood.

9 But I will ne'er forget my bride,
Says *Jeſus*, God of love and truth,
Taken, when ſleeping, from my ſide,
Then, born to bear, eternal youth.

10 I'll not forget my word, my oath,
I'll not forget my wounds, my blood;
My friendſhip makes but one of both,
And I am ſtill thy Saviour, God.

11 Wrote on my hands thy much lov'd name,
My *Zion*, glorious is thy ſtate!
I ſee thee always without blame,
And his own body none can hate.

12 Thy walls before me always are;
Bounds to thy dwelling I have ſet;
My *Zion*'s my peculiar care,
My *Zion* I will ne'er forget.

13 O happy *Zion!* ſee and prove
How groundleſs all thy ſorrows are;
Live in thy huſband's nature, love,
And that ſhall caſt out all thy fear.

XIII.

Beloved, now are we ſons of God, &c.
John iii. 2.

1 NOW are we ſons of God!
Nor doth it yet appear,
What heights of bliſs, thro' *Jeſu*'s blood,
For us prepared are.

2 This we already know,
When *Chriſt*, our righteouſneſs,
Shall ſhew himſelf to men below,
We ſhall be as he is.

3 Yea, in this world are we,
As *Jeſus* is above;
As him, from ſin and *Satan* free,
As perfected in love.

4 Inviſible are we
To this blind world below;
There's none but ſuch who *Jeſus* ſee,
Can us diſcern or know.

5 All that which doth appear
Of us, or can be known,
By reaſon's eye, to mortals here,
We utterly diſown.

6 We call it dung and droſs,
The man from whom we ceaſe;
To own it ours, is pain and loſs,
And ſaps the chriſtian's peace.

7 *Jeſus* alone we own,
And nothing know beſide;
In him, as free from ſin, we're known,
His pure and holy bride.

8 In him we now confeſs,
We are the Lord's delight,
His reſt, his joy and righteouſneſs,
All glorious in his ſight.

9 We are as we would be;
Nor have we yet to chooſe;
As *Chriſt* the Son, we're ever free,
Nor can that ſonſhip loſe.

XIV.

But now is Chriſt riſen from the dead, &c.
1 Cor. xv. 20.

1 NOW is *Jeſus*, now is *Jeſus*,
Riſen from the dead;
Love, to ſeize us, love to ſeize us,
In the Lamb, our head:

Caught

Caught us ſinking under ſin,
Took our curſe and nature in,
To its off'ring, that by ſuff'ring,
It might make us clean.

2 God in faſhion, *&c.*
Like to fallen man;
By his paſſion, &c.
Finiſhed the plan;
Which eternal mercy laid,
Which eternal love decreed,
That the bride thus purified,
Should from all ſin be freed.

3 Thus our Maker, *&c.*
Our Creator, God,
Was partaker, *&c.*
Of our fleſh and blood:
He became our nature's pride,
And, as all our ſin, he dy'd;
As our old man, as our old man,
He was crucify'd.

4 Then he finiſh'd, *&c.*
All our deep diſtreſs;
Then repleniſh'd, *&c.*
Man with righteouſneſs:
In his body ſin lay dead,
With each ſorrow which it bred,
Accuſation, condemnation,
Spread their wings and fled.

5 Old things now are, &c.
Paſſed all away ;
That his power, &c.
He might thus diſplay :
In a new creation pure,
From all ſin and ſpoil ſecure,
This erected, ſtands perfected,
On foundation ſure.

6 See it riſing, &c.
Glorious to our view ;
Moſt ſurpriſing, &c.
All things here are new :
As roſe *Jeſus* from the grave,
Such the purity we have ;
Sin is dead, and care is fled,
The Son's no more a ſlave.

XV.

For as many of you as have been baptized into Chriſt, have put on Chriſt, Gal. iii. 27.

1 O ! How doth God our ſouls ſurpriſe,
When he our conſcience doth baptize
Into the holy nature ;
Where, free from all offence and blame,
We now poſſeſs in *Chriſt* the Lamb,
The fulneſs of his ſtature.

Now

Now free
Are we
And ſhall ever,
In our *Saviour*,
Stand perfected ;
With him to this grace elected.

2 Free from all conſciouſneſs of ſin,
We live where none can enter in ;
This when in heart believed ;
Our conſcience anſwers towards God,
As free from ſin, thro' *Jeſu's* blood,
Nor can we be deceived :
For he
And we,
In one body,
White and ruddy,
Are compleated :
In the Father's glory ſeated.

3 Salvation now in us is wrought ;
Nor is there one uneaſy thought,
By which our peace is ſpoiled :
Baptiz'd into the *Saviour's* name,
Our conſcience anſwers to the Lamb,
Who ne'er can be defiled.
Now bleſt
We reſt
From what vexes
And perplexes ;
We are fully
In and as is *Jeſus* holy.

XVI.

God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him, John iv. 16.

O Love! what a ſecret to mortals thou art!
'Tis God's deep eternity, nature and heart:
The witneſſing dove confirms this high plan,
And likewiſe his word and his dealings with man;
The ſorrows of *Jeſus*, his torment and pain,
Has left no foundation for doubting again.

2 O love! how myſterious & boundleſs art thou!
Thy date and thy meaſure unlimited flow:
This *Jeſus* reveals with evidence ſtrong;
It gladdens my heart, and inſpires my ſong
With praiſe to my *Saviour*, my Lord and my God,
Whoſe love is my glory, as view'd in his blood.

3 O love! what a gath'ring of ſouls thou haſt made!
All into one fountain, one body, one head;
Where they were preſerv'd thy own, thro' the fall,
The fulneſs of *Jeſus*, who fills all in all:
Cloſe in her pavilion, the darling, the bride,
Lay hid in her huſband, till born from his ſide.

4 O love! what a bridegroom of honour and
truſt!
The fulneſs of heaven hath married my duſt;
He humbled himſelf to cleave to his wife,
In all her diſtreſs and her ſorrows of life;
With her was he number'd amongſt the un-
clean,
Nor yet could he loathe her, nor jar come
between.

5 O love! what a huſband thy care did pro-
vide!
Deſcending from glory in ſearch of thy bride;
Her ſubſtance conceiv'd, thy body was ſhe,
Incarnate in her, and ſhe then was in thee;
In th' womb of the virgin, the twain was
made one,
Whence God, our Creator, was born a poor
man.

XVII.

Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious,
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 O My *Jeſus!* O my *Jeſus!*
Bridegroom of my heart,
Who eſpouſed, who eſpouſed,
To my nature art;

Thou

Thou, my love, haſt borne my blame,
Thy dear wounds and lovely name,
Deep impreſt upon my breaſt,
Shall always be my flame.

2 O was ever, &c.
Lover like the Lamb!
No, no, never, &c.
Was ſo true a flame,
As what burns on *Jeſu's* blood,
As the dying love of God,
God-like glorious, love's victorious,
Though by hell withſtood.

3 In my weakneſs, &c.
There I always ſee
Conſtant witneſs, &c.
That thy love is free:
Empty I, of goodneſs void,
Whilſt on thee, my Lamb, I'm ſtaid,
Thou art love, and this I prove,
And ſhall not be afraid.

4 Mercy raiſes, &c.
My loſt nature high;
Love amazes, &c.
Whilſt I, wond'ring cry:
O my love! how kind thine heart,
Taking of my fleſh a part;
In thy body, once ſo bloody,
I am as thou art.

XVIII.

And they shall call his name Emmanuel, *which, being interpreted, is, God with us*, Matt. i. 23.

1 O Holy *Emman'el !* thy myſtery divine,
From glory to glory, on *Zion* ſhall ſhine,
The myſt'ry of God eſpous'd to a worm,
Who neither had merit, nor beautiful form ;
Yet rais'd to the boſom of God, the Supreme,
She ſings ſhe is like him, yet does not blaſpheme.

2 O lovely *Emman'el !* illuſtrious thy grace !
The beauties of holineſs ſhine in thy face :
Triumphant in bliſs, our nature we ſpy,
And we, in that nature, join'd to the moſt High :
The image expreſs of the ſubſtance of God ;
His brightneſs appearing by water and blood.

3 O ſacred *Emman'el !* our glory, our joy ;
In mut'al embraces, which never ſhall cloy,
The bridegroom and bride, our Maker & we,
Perpetually live, as united in thee ;
Conſummate ſalvation, reveal'd in thy blood,
In thee we poſſeſs, with the fulneſs of God.

4 O glorious *Emman'el ! Jehovah* with man !
With us is God preſent ; (amazing the plan !)

perfection

Perfection of joy we now understand,
Whilst rivers of pleasure flow at his right hand:
We stand, when no higher our notes we can raise,
In silence, expressive of wonder and praise.

XIX.

In my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, Job xix. 26, 27.

1 SEE, O my soul, with wonder see,
Array'd in flesh, thy God,
Cloath'd with my whole humanity,
And deeply drench'd in blood!

2 My flesh, my blood, and bone espous'd;
(O the amazing plan!)
From nature's death and darkness rous'd,
When God became a man.

3 My frame, once pure, was marr'd and harm'd,
Between his hands quite spoil'd;
But now a nobler vessel form'd,
When God became a child.

4 At *Bethl'hem* was my purer birth,
The Virgin-mother mine,
His heav'n married to my earth,
In *Christ*, the man divine.

5 *Em-*

5 *Emmanuel* is God with me,
In our exalted Lamb ;
In whom I'm reconcil'd and free,
All praiſe attend his name.

6 His ſonſhip proves my ſin forgiv'n,
Makes my ſalvation ſure,
Prepares for me a ſeat in heav'n,
And keeps my joy ſecure.

7 In him accepted ; and, as him,
Receiv'd in realms above ;
In him I triumph, ſoar, and ſwim,
In everlaſting love.

8 All my religion and my life,
Art thou, my Lamb, my God ;
I'm fix'd, from hence my future ſtrife
Shall be to praiſe thy blood.

XX.

I had fainted, unleſs I had believed, Pſ. xxvii. 13.

1 SHEW me the reaſon, O my God,
Why I afflicted am ;
Since thou haſt waſh'd me in thy blood,
And cover'd all my ſhame.

2 Why yet muſt rebel nature live
To fill my heart with pain?
Why yet my *Jeſus* muſt I grieve?
Shall nature ne'er be ſlain?

3 Ten thouſand tears, more num'rous ſighs,
Flow from this heart of mine,
In ardent pray'r, with piercing cries,
I ſeek redreſs in vain.

4 Whilſt, paſſing thro' baptiſmal fire,
My ſpirit frets and pines,
And, languiſhing with fierce deſire,
Would know thy deep deſigns.

5 What! muſt I loſe my friends and fame,
All that's to be deſir'd?
Have vile contempt pour'd on my name,
Abhorr'd, but not admir'd?

6 What! muſt temptations yet prevail,
And *Satan* ſift my heart?
Whilſt inbred luſts my mind aſſail,
And cauſe me grievous ſmart?

7 Muſt heaven, earth, and hell unite,
Againſt me in this war?
How ſhall I bear this dreadful fight,
Or keep from foul deſpair?

8 *Take up the croſs, thyſelf deny,*
(O moſt ungrateful ſound !)
Alas ! I burn, and ſink, and die,
And feel the ſpirit's wound.

9 Is there no way to glorify
Thy death and honour'd name,
Except I to myſelf thus die,
And ſwim thro' floods of ſhame ?

10 What ! be deny'd my heart's deſire,
My expectations croſt,
Whilſt all my joys of ſenſe expire,
My reputation loſt ?

11 The thought of *this* diſtracts my heart,
'Tis worſe than death or hell ;
The torment, pangs, and dreadful ſmart,
My tongue can never tell.

12 Peace, O my ſoul ; this is the path
That leads to reſt divine :
'Tis this illuſtrates *Jeſu*'s death,
And makes his goodneſs ſhine.

13 Now, with my Lord nail'd to his croſs,
I feel the untold pain ;
But, ah ! how loath to ſuffer loſs
Am I, tho' 'tis my gain !

14 O Lamb! 'tis thou doſt exerciſe
Me with this ſearching flame,
And, thro' thy ſuff'rings, wilt baptize
Me into all thy name.

15 Since this I know, I check my Fears,
And all I am reſign;
Fly from my heart, ye anxious cares,
My Lamb, I'm wholly thine.

XXI.

Be ready always to give an Anſwer to every Man that aſketh you a Reaſon of the Hope that is in you, 1 Pet. iii. 15.

1 SOlemnly we now confeſs,
The Lord our portion is;
He, our joy and righteouſneſs,
Whilſt we are ever his:
Dead with *Jeſus*, freed from ſin,
We riſe with him for-ever free;
Now with him are enter'd in,
Where we his glory ſee.

2 Human nature's reconcil'd
To God, the judge of all;
In which nature every child
Reſtor'd from *Adam's* fall,

Bears

Bears his Father's ſacred name,
New-born his likeneſs from above,
Joint-partaker with the Lamb
Of all his nature, love.

XXII.

But where ſin abounded, grace did much more abound, Rom. v. 20.

1 THE victory's won,
And *Satan* is down;
We now overcome,
His kingdom diſown:
The ſeed of the woman
Hath bruiſed his head,
Hath made us that new man,
Which love had decreed.

2 In *Adam* we loſt
Our *Eden* by ſin;
But we now, thro' *Chriſt*,
Again are brought in:
The vail it is torn,
And paradiſe gain'd:
The Father hath ſworn;
His promiſe ſhall ſtand.

3 Our nature's releas'd
From ſin, death, and hell;
Jehovah is pleas'd
With man for to dwell:

A fit habitation,
In ſpirit, for God ;
A bleſt, new creation,
Pronounc'd very good.

4 We mourn not the hour.
That *Adam* did fall,
When his will and pow'r
Was forfeited all ;
Nor are we now grieved,
His glory and crown
Could not be retrieved
By works of his own.

5 It was on this ground,
The myſt'ry of grace
Did much more abound,
When *Jeſus* took place
Of man, the offender,
To die as our ſin ;
And righteouſneſs render
Compleat, and brought in.

6 By this was made kown
God's nature as love :
This we, in his Son,
For-ever ſhall prove.
By means of tranſgreſſion,
This grace was reveal'd :
This is our confeſſion,
A truth God has ſeal'd.

7 When *Adam* was pure,
Yet mutable he:
In *Jesus* more sure,
Immutable we;
More highly exalted
In *Christ* the God-man,
Ne'er to be assaulted
By *Satan* again.

XXIII.

Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God stronger than men, 1 Cor. i. 25.

1 THY gospel, dear Lamb,
Is spirit and life,
Deliv'ring from shame,
The bride, thy lov'd wife;
Once lost, yet thy blood hath
Restor'd us again;
God's weakness, the word saith,
Is stronger than men.

2 Thy mysteries seem
Confusion to speak;
And in man's esteem
Thy gospel is weak;
But mighty thro' blood, 'twill
Deliver us when
The weakness of God still
Is stronger than men.

3 Thy inſtruments are
But low in degree ;
'Tis always their care
To glorify Thee ;
Through blood they are holy,
Whilſt none ſhall condemn ;
God's weakneſs moſt truly
Is ſtronger than men.

4 Tho' rich, thou waſt poor,
Tho' high, thou waſt low
Thou empt'edſt thy ſtore
Salvation to ſhew :
Thine infinite blood, it
Deliver'd us then ;
The weakneſs of God, it
Was ſtronger than men.

5 All hail, thou dear Man,
The weakneſs of God,
Thy torment and pain,
Thy wounds, and thy blood,
Declare thy ſalvation :
We'll praiſe it again,
The weakneſs of God, it
Is ſtronger than men.

XXIV.

Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, John xvii. 24.

1 THE Father's love to man so free,
Made us the fulness of the Son:
The Son, he wills that we should be
With him, where e'er he is, as one.

2 In him a new creation made,
No more to fail, but to endure;
Where we the members, he the head,
One body, we're conceived pure.

3 In him, in his mysterious birth,
Born in him as that holy thing,
Whose praise, as God espous'd to earth,
The angel host with joy did sing.

4 In him together circumcis'd,
When all our filthiness of flesh,
Which God in holiness despis'd,
Was quite put off in righteousness.

5 In him, in all the works he wrought;
In him together crucify'd;
In him, as risen without fault,
And in him fully glorify'd.

6 With him, where e'er he was, we were,
In all conditions ſtill the ſame;
With him, where e'er he is, we are,
And as him pure and free from blame.

7 In ſeeing him, ourſelves we ſee,
And all his glory as our own;
Our joy is full, the Son is free,
And *Jeſus* wears th' eternal crown.

XXV.

For I determined not to know any thing among you, ſave Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified, 1 Cor. ii. 2.

1 WHILST I celeſtial themes purſue,
How God, my *Saviour*, lov'd to death;
Theſe notes to me are ever new,
And will be to my lateſt breath.

2 Almighty Babe! in *Bethl'hem* born,
The object of my ſolemn praiſe,
Treated by infidels with ſcorn,
But life, and ſoul of all my joys.

3 Hail! everlaſting Father, God,
Debas'd, and in a ſervant's form;
Thou conquer'dſt by thy wounds and blood,
In likeneſs of a ſinful worm.

4 Dear

4 Dear Man of ſorrows, thee we hail;
Forſaken, friendleſs, diſeſteem'd,
Thy griefs, and blood, and tears prevail,
And have our ſoul from hell redeem'd.

5 All hail! thou agonizing God,
Whoſe pregnant veins were rack'd with pain,
In fervent love, they burſt with blood,
Deſcending as the early rain.

6 Hail! holy Lamb, to ſlaughter led,
Silent and guilty in our ſtead,
To death by man's offence betray'd,
Juſt as the Father's love decreed.

7 With ſhame and ignominy us'd,
Drag'd by a prieſt-rid mob to court,
With cruel mockings there abus'd,
Meſſiah, was the Ruler's ſport.

8 Condemn'd, and to the *heathen* ſent,
They follow with their louder cry;
Like blood-hounds ſtill upon the ſcent,
Inſatiate 'till the *Saviour* die.

9 The ploughers plough his ſacred fleſh,
Make long and bloody furrows there,
With inſtruments of pain they threſh,
And mercileſs his body tear.

10 His praiſes ſhall be my employ !
To pay my debts, he drain'd his ſtore ;
That we, poor worms, might ſing for joy,
Heav'n dying, bled at ev'ry pore.

11 This is the higheſt proof of love !
The nature, boſom love of God !
I riſe to dwell in this above,
Led by the track of *Jeſu*'s blood.

XXVI.

Bleſſed are the dead, which die in the Lord,
Rev. xiv. 13.

1 WITH ſolemn ſhout we ſing thy praiſe,
Ancient of everlaſting days !
Thou daily gather'ſt home thine own,
Who bear thy croſs, to wear thy crown.

2 Let all rejoice, and no one grieve,
This day we meet to take our leave
Of our dear brother's precious duſt,
Until the riſing of the juſt.

3 One with the body of the Lamb,
Seal'd with *Emmanuel*'s new name,
A member of his fleſh and bone,
By blood redeem'd, to Heav'n he's gone.

4 Whilſt

4 Whilſt here below, he knew the Lord,
And ſanctify'd in God the word;
In him his ſpirit now ſhall dwell,
A conq'ror over death and hell.

5 See! how he treads the courts above,
The pavements of eternal love,
Wond'ring he kneels, and hails that blood,
Which reconcil'd his heart to God.

6 Hark! how he thunders *Jeſu*'s name,
Before the throne a burning flame:
With the united Hoſt he bows,
And no more grief nor trouble knows.

7 Then mourn not o'er the lifeleſs clay,
But wait the reſurrection-day,
When *Chriſt* the *Saviour* ſhall appear,
And he come with him in the air.

XXVII.

In burnt-offerings and ſacrifices for ſin, thou hadſt no pleaſure. Then ſaid he, Lo! I come to do thy will, O God, Heb. x. 6, 9.

1 WHEN God would manifeſt his grace
To man that he might prove
The glories of the Father's face,
And feel his nature, love:

He

He ſaid he would not ſacrifice,
As offer'd by the law ;
All human merit would deſpiſe,
His preſence thence withdraw.

2 Then ſaid the *Saviour*, *Lo, I come*
To do thy will, my God ;
He brought his ſons and daughters home
By pouring out his blood :
That they with him might enter in
To all the Heav'n of love :
His death did make an end of ſin,
The ſtumbling-block remove.

3 Thou Lord, a body didſt prepare,
Thy own collected ſeed,
For him eternally to wear,
And be the living head.
Obedient in this body he
Thy counſel did fulfil,
Did every member purify,
And do thy perfect will.

4 This is the happineſs we prove,
That we the body are,
Which our great Father in his love,
For *Jeſus* did prepare :
The myſtery of that conceiv'd
Within the Virgin's womb ;
Which liv'd, and dy'd, and was receiv'd
In Heav'n, rais'd from the tomb.

5 With

5 With *Chriſt* in ſoul and body one,
We evermore are bleſt ;
Aſpiring to the perfect ſon,
We enter perfect reſt ;
Pre-eminence to him is giv'n,
Yet in this glorious plan,
The head and members enter'd Heav'n,
In one exalted man.

XXVIII.

When it pleaſed God to reveal his Son in me, immediately I conferred not with fleſh and blood, Gal. i. 15, 16.

1 WHEN God our Father's pleas'd
For to reveal his Son,
Immediately our conſcience eas'd
Becomes his peaceful throne.

2 Conſult we then no more
Our ſenſes, fleſh and blood,
But in the day of heav'nly pow'r
Commence the ſons of God.

3 Included all in one,
We now with rapture tell,
We're in the Father's only Son,
In whom he's pleaſed well ;

4 This

4 This doth our God make known
To mortal worms below :
All other matters we disown,
This only will we know.

5 We leave this world behind,
With all it's faith and forms,
And live in the eternal mind,
Free from all hell's alarms.

6 What sense suggests we leave,
With reason's doubtful plan,
And in the Spirit's power cleave
To *Christ* the perfect Man.

XXIX.

Come hither and I will shew thee the Bride, the Lamb's wife, Rev. xxi. 9.

1 WHEN blinded with pride,
How vainly we try'd
To find upon earth the Lamb's beautful bride.

2 Of man we enquir'd,
For her we admir'd,
Whose peace and communion we greatly desir'd.

3 Some said we should find,
If we were inclin'd,
The bride amongst men of an orthodox mind,

4 We

4 We ſought amongſt them,
The bride of the Lamb,
But heard them contend and their brethren
condemn :

5 Their hatred and ſtrife,
And bigotted life,
Made us to conclude they were not the Lamb's
wife.

6 Much griev'd and perplex'd,
We ſought for her next
Where practice of piety's always the text.

7 Of holineſs there
We always did hear,
And carefully watched to ſee it appear.

8 To witneſs their grace,
Soft words and grimace,
Still dropt from the tongue, and appear'd on
the face.

9 Of faſting and pray'r,
Of watching with care,
And proving man's piety by his deſpair.

10 Of geſture and dreſs,
As matters of ſtreſs ;
The pow'rful ingredients of ſelf-righteouſneſs.

11 Self-goodneſs and pride,
And evils beſide,
The beaſt upon which the whore drunken doth ride.

12 'Twas now we retir'd,
And deeply deſpair'd
To find upon earth what we ſo much deſir'd.

13 We ſought her by name,
As one without blame:
For ſuch is the darling, the ſpouſe of the Lamb.

XXX.

The ſame.

1 WE're certainly ſure,
And ſhall evermore,
That all the religion of man is impure.

2 An Angel of death,
Who pours forth the wrath
Of God, the eternal, upon our vile earth.

3 His vial took up,
And pour'd out each drop,
Our fleſh to conſume thus he emptied his cup.

4 Then ſpake, as new life,
To end all my ſtrife,
Come hither, I'll ſhew thee the bride, the
Lamb's wife.

5 In Spirit he caught
Me, ſwift as a thought,
From *Adam* the earthly he quickly me brought.

6 Up where the Lamb ſtands,
In the midſt of his friends;
A mountain whoſe top above Heaven aſcends.

7 Our nature made clean,
As *Jeſus* is ſeen,
Is th'holy high mountain which I do here mean.

8 Brought here to abide,
I quickly eſpy'd,
In all her adorning the beautiful bride.

9 Moſt glorious her name,
And free from all blame,
The holy *Jeruſalem*, wife of the Lamb.

10 From Heav'n coming down,
An eternal renown,
As having the glory of God for her own.

11 Moſt precious her light,
As jaſper is bright,
Yea, clear as the cryſtal appears to the ſight.

XXXI.

The ſame.

1 DEliver'd from pain,
Lo! now I attain,
To know her I ſought for on earth ſo in vain.

2 The Bride's purity,
I ſee thro' the eye!
Of her God and Huſband, who dwelleth on high.

3 In Spirit now bold,
I plainly behold,
I am of this body, O wonder untold!

4 I now am at peace;
I live in the grace,
That keeps the Bride ever in the Huſband's embrace.

5 My praiſe ſhall abound
With heavenly ſound,
A church now perfected in love I have found!

6 My *Jesus* reveals,
By opening the seals
To me, what from thousands he ever conceals.

XXXII.

The voice said, cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it---but the word of our God shall stand for-ever,
Isaiah, xl. 6, 7, 8.

1 WOnd'rous voice, which cries with pow'r,
All flesh as grass is mean;
All its good is as the flow'r
Which fades, and is not seen:
Surely all the people's grass:
Nor is their goodliness esteem'd:
All their work and righteousness
Are fading flowers deem'd.

2 Blows the spirit of our God,
All fleshly good is lost;
Speaks with pow'r the *Saviour*'s blood;
Man's glory sinks to dust:
Fails all flesh before the Lord,
And, with'ring, dies at his command;
Nought but God's eternal word
Shall in his presence stand.

3 *Jesus* only shall endure,
And nothing stand beside ;
He, that word of God most sure,
In whom exists his bride :
Blest in him with perfect peace,
We cease from all our fleshly good ;
He came witnessing this grace,
By water and by blood.

4 Now is *Jesus* all in all,
My soul is satisfy'd ;
All my guilt, by *Adam*'s fall,
Ceas'd when the *Saviour* dy'd ;
With him I arose to light,
And glor'ous immortality ;
In him beauteous to the sight
Of sacred Deity.

5 O how wond'rous is the grace !
The Lamb accepted stands !
In him shines the Father's face
On souls from ev'ry land :
He our captain, prince, and head,
Foundation of this truth divine ;
All *Jehovah*'s fav'rite seed
Collected in him shine.

XXXIII.

Behold the Lion of the tribe of Judah, *the root of* David, *hath prevailed to open the book, and loose the seals thereof. And I beheld a Lamb as it had been slain; and he came and took the book out of the right hand of him who sat on the throne,* Rev. v. 5, 6, 7.

1 WHAT dazzling glories strike mine eye!
How infinite the mystery!
What truth divine doth God reveal,
When *Judah*'s Lion breaks the seal!
Expounds to man that sacred book,
Which from the Father's hand he took.

2 Long did this secret lie conceal'd
In God, nor was it yet reveal'd;
Nor men nor angels could discern,
Nor might the Father's nature learn:
Nor was there found a worthy one
To take the book, and look thereon.

3 But to dispel our gloomy fears,
A Lamb with marks of death appears;
Deep wounds, with blood-exhausted vein,
Denoted that he had been slain:
And in that wounded form prevail'd
To read the book, tho' sev'n times seal'd.

4 When

4 When ev'ry ſeal is open broke,
And each attending voice hath ſpoke,
An univerſal ſilence reigns,
Whilſt he the ſacred page explains:
Our Heav'n itſelf in ſilence waits,
What the dear worthy Lamb relates.

XXXIV.

The ſame.

1 CHRIST's birth and circumciſion too,
His faſting and temptation ſhew,
His agony and bloody ſweat,
His wounded heart and torments great,
His blood, his death, and all ſhall prove
The fulneſs of the Godhead-love.

2 'Tis he who groans and cry's aloud,
And weeps, and ſighs, and hangs in blood;
'Tis as his ſoul was put to pain,
And as he was moſt ſharply ſlain;
That he is worthy to unſeal
The book of God, and all reveal.

3 Under this form we hear him preach,
And, by his wounds, his brethren teach,
That God is love to favor'd man,
And was ere worlds or time began;
His being, name, and nature, love:
This calls us up to worlds above.

4 Our

4 Our nature's curſe, our ſin and pride,
Are now deſtroy'd, and all beſide,
Which renders it unmeet for God;
The Lamb hath purg'd us by his blood:
Our happineſs he always wills,
And in us all his joy fulfils.

XXXV.

Who hath ſaved us, and called us with an holy calling! not according to our works, but according to his own purpoſe and grace, which was given us in Chriſt Jeſus, before the world began: But is now made manifeſt, by the appearing of our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt,
2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

1 WOnd'rous the grace which now we prove!
Led up to the Creator's love,
With every perfect ſpirit;
The nature, love, and life in God
We ſoar to know, by *Jeſu's* blood,
And all its bliſs inherit:
Now ſeal'd,
And heal'd
Of our blindneſs,
Thro' the kindneſs
Of our *Jeſus*,
Who from ſin did quite releaſe us.

2 Our God to lov'd his creature man ;
He was before the world began
The firſt word by him ſpoken :
Declared then his only Son
In union with the Godhead one ;
A perfect proof and token
Of grace
And peace ;
All this bleſſing,
Without ceaſing,
To the creature,
And that God did love their nature.

3 Whilſt all in Heav'n rejoic'd in this,
Tho' they but faintly ſaw the bliſs
Of human exaltation ;
We, whom it moſt concern'd to know,
Were kept in blindneſs here below,
By ſin from all ſenſation.
Nor could,
Nor would,
We believe it,
Nor receive it,
When he prov'd us,
Saying our Creator lov'd us.

4 The Father ſaw us ſunk in ſin,
Our nature ſpoiled, blind, unclean,
Unmeet for his enjoying ;
Reſolv'd he was to work our cure,
Reſolv'd to make our nature pure,
By all our ſins deſtroying :

Then

Then love
Above,
Laid the ſcheme, of
What's the theme of
All the bleſſed,
Who are of their God careſſed.

5 The Father ſends his only Son;
Yea, comes himſelf to worms undone;
Is found in all our Faſhion;
Thro' all our reputation's loſs,
He tracks us to the ſhameful croſs,
And feels us in his paſſion,
We fell
To Hell;
He o'er took us,
Nor forſook us;
But redeem'd us,
And as his own heav'n eſteem'd us.

XXXVI.

The ſame.

1 HOW deep was that which *Chriſt* ſuſtain'd,
When in his ſoul and body pain'd,
He ſigh'd, and wept, and roar'd;
From many wounds a ſecond flood
Springs forth, which drowns the world in blood!
By which we are aſſured,

His pain's
Our gain;
For he died
Greatly tried,
As our folly;
Our offence there ceaſes wholly.

2 From ſin and ſinner's curſe he roſe
Triumphant over all his foes,
And thus reſtor'd our nature;
And in that nature every child
To Godhead fully reconcil'd,
Receiv'd their Father's feature:
Fully
Holy,
In his likeneſs
Are his brightneſs;
Each begotten,
Bears his Image who begot him.

3 Now, through the *Saviour*'s blood, we prove
The Father's heart and nature love,
And all our warfare finiſh'd;
Nor good, nor bad, as wrought by man,
Availeth here; nor is this plan
Added to or diminiſh'd:
Our bliſs
Is this:
Jeſus lives us
Freely gives us
(True the ſtory)
All his ſonſhip, fruits and glory.

XXXVII.

In the beauties of holineſs from the womb of the morning, thou haſt the dew of thy youth, Pſ. cx. 3.

1 WHAT glories ſurrounding my *Saviour* I ſee!
What beauties triumphant, my *Jeſus* in thee!
What glory, or power may with thee compare,
Or thy generation, what tongue can declare?
The heavens are ſilent and cannot decide,
This myſtery only belongs to the bride.

2 Thou haſt, my dear *Saviour*, in glory and truth,
From the womb of the morning, the dew of thy youth:
The morning of love, eternal and bright,
With honor bedew'd thee, and nouriſh'd thee right;
When ſecretly thou waſt exiſting above,
In God, as the word, and the Son of his love.

3 Thine Off-ſpring for number as ſands on the ſhore,
Or morning dew drops on the earth ſcatter'd o'er,

Were then as thy myſtery, fulneſs and truth,
All gather'd in thee as the dew of thy youth:
In thee as thy ſplendor of youth did we ſhine;
In beauties of holineſs, Godlike, divine.

4 And when we had fallen from heaven to earth,
And could not return there, but thro' a new birth;
Our nature as ſpoil'd, in *Adam* who fell,
As ſunk in our reaſon and ſenſes to hell,
We then were in myſt'ry preſerv'd in thee;
Our earthy tho' fallen, our heavenly was free.

4 As the ſecond *Adam* then didſt thou appear,
The Lord from on high for to baniſh our fear;
Thou found'ſt us ſunk in the earthy loſt man,
And him thou aſſumedſt to finiſh the plan,
That plan where 'twas fix'd that tranſgreſſion ſhould ceaſe,
And all our creation reſtor'd to thy peace.

6 This haſt thou effected by ſhedding thy blood,
Haſt brought back our nature in union with God.
From the earthy man thou haſt ſet us free,
Haſt brought us to live and to triumph in thee.
'Tis here we receive our intelligence ſure,
Of our preſervation in thee always pure.

XXXVIII.

To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places, might be known, by the church, the manifold wisdom of God, Eph. iii. 10.

1 WHO can say what glories lie
Hid in *Jesu*'s mystery?
What the birth he had from God?
What the riches of his blood?
O, thou favor'd bride!
Honor'd when thy love dy'd;
With a proof of love divine,
Say, how all he is, is thine.

2 My belov'd, the holy one,
Our eternal Father's Son,
Always did in God exist,
Ere he was declar'd the *Christ*:
Secret of the Lord,
God's internal formed word,
His eternal thought of man,
Now reveal'd in gospel plan.

3 This lay hid 'till lust conceiv'd,
Bringing forth what soon bereav'd
Man of all his righteousness,
Life, and soul, and happiness;
Then was that reveal'd
Which so long had been conceal'd,

How

How that heavenly Man our head,
Was the church's root and feed,

4 He our faithful feed and true,
Root divine on which we grew,
Should reſtore our blaſted tree,
Set our captive nature free;
Thus preſerv'd in him,
He was deſtined to redeem
Us from ſin and *Satan's* pow'r,
Our intelligence reſtore.

XXXIX.

The ſame.

1 TO redeem our ſouls he comes,
And our earthy man aſſumes;
All his image fully bears,
All his curſe, and ſin, and fears,
Sunk to all his hell;
Follow'd him where e'er he fell,
Careful ſtill for to expoſe
Sin to all deſerved woes.

2 Thro' his ſide and pierced heart;
Thro' each nervous tender part,
The awaken'd ſword of God,
Bath'd in heav'n, in ſinners blood.
O! the myſtery,
Thro' his body's agony,

The

The battle enter'd to his ſoul,
Floods of wrath did o'er him roll.

3 Sweat and blood, and ſtreaming wounds,
Cover him, whilſt dreadful ſounds
Rend the frighted Atmoſphere,
Piercing ev'ry hearing ear:
Moſt confuſed noiſe!
Now we hear the conq'ror's voice;
Then deep groans and horrid yell,
All the wild uproar of hell.

4 See the battle fiercer grow;
Blood in mighty torrents flow;
Quakes the earth, and rends the rocks,
Nature feels tremendous ſhocks,
Whilſt the ſun, by flight,
Speaks the near approach of night;
Bury'ng all the conq'rors wrath
In the vanquiſh'd rebels death.

XL.

The ſame.

1 ALL is huſh, the battle's o'er!
Darkneſs reigns in purple gore;
Each intelligence intent
Trembling waits the great event.
All are in ſuſpenſe——
Here I'll ſtay, nor wander hence,

Till

'Till the day-ſpring from on high
Speaks, who gain'd the victory.

2 See a gleam of light appears!
Combats now my hope and fears;
Now the heav'nly glory's come;
O! who ſtarts from yonder tomb,
Cover'd all with blood,
Pale and wounded? 'Tis my God!
'Tis the man who conqu'ring fell,
Dying, vanquiſh'd death and hell!

3 Heav'nly laurels crown his head!
Sin, and hell, and death are dead;
The old ſerpent's head is broke;
Heav'n by violence is took.
Hail! thou conq'ring heart;
Thou my new creation art:
Hail! my fleſh, and bone, and blood;
Hail! myſelf, redeem'd to God.

4 I in him, and he in me,
Perfect one in myſtery;
With him, where, and as he is,
Fully enter'd into bliſs:
There ſhall I abide,
In my nature purify'd:
Here I enter perfect reſt:
The Father's praiſe, his king and prieſt.

XLI.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new——And he said unto me, It is done; I am Alpha *and* Omega, *the beginning and the end,* Rev. xxi. 5, 6.

1 WHEN favour'd *John* beheld
The visions of the Lord,
With admiration fill'd,
He heard the Father's word
Revealing what his purpose was,
And what his love should bring to pass.

2 Thus spake the sov'reign Lord,
Whilst on his throne he sat,
"Hear ye my faithful word;
"Behold I will create,
"And make all things in love anew:
"Write thou these words, for they are true."

3 When God had thus declar'd
The secret of his will,
The man who was prepar'd
His counsel to fulfil,
Emphatically spake to *John*,
And said, "Behold, the work is done:

4 "For I the *Alpha* am,
"And the *Omega* too;

" You, in this ſacred name,
" The finiſh'd work may view :
" I, the beginning and the end
" Of all the joys which you attend."

5 The Father's great decree
In him is now fulfill'd ;
In ſpirit there we ſee
All things are reconcil'd,
And made conformable to God,
Waſh'd from all filth in *Jeſu*'s blood.

6 New Heav'ns and earth we ſpy,
With hearts of God inſpir'd,
Which ancient prophecy
Foretold, and ſaints deſir'd :
That *Jeſus* is this grace, is true,
Where old things ceaſe, and all is new.

7 New nature, pure, divine,
New teſtament and plan,
New glories on us ſhine,
In *Chriſt* the heav'nly man ;
Our old man he was crucify'd,
And loſt from us when *Jeſus* dy'd.

8 'Tis done, we're made anew,
And our intelligence
Receives the record true ;
In ſpirit we commence
That perfect man, who did proclaim
The firſt and laſt to be his name.

XLII.

And his name shall be called WONDERFUL.
Isa. ix. 6.

1 WONDERFUL thy name we call,
And wonderful thou art!
We, in spirit, prostrate fall,
And hail thy wounded heart!
Thou hast us redeem'd to God,
From ev'ry nation, kindred, tongue;
Thou hast wash'd us in thy blood,
And taught us the new song.

2 *Jesus* only is the Lord,
He only holy is;
Jesus is by us ador'd,
He is our perfect bliss;
We in him, and he in us,
Thro' all his wounds, and death, and blood,
In one body on the cross
Were perfected to God:

3 Thou, O *Christ*, in *Zion* prais'd,
Whom we our *Saviour* call,
In the Godhead's glory rais'd
Above the Heavens all:
Thee we hail, thou Prince of Heav'n!
'Tis thee we hail, thou faithful heart!
Thou thyself to us hast giv'n;
All hail our better part!

4 Worthy is the holy Lamb,
Pre-eminence is giv'n !
Greatly glorious is his name,
Above the higheſt Heav'n !
Yet he names on us his name,
And boldly owns the brotherhood,
Calls us brethren without ſhame,
And us preſents to God.

XLIII.

The anſwer of a good conſcience towards God, by the reſurrection of Jeſus Chriſt, 1 Pet.iii.21.

1 WHAT beauties divine
In *Jeſus* do ſhine !
And yet all I ſee, I, with boldneſs, call mine.

2 With him crucify'd,
When *Jeſus* he dy'd,
My Nature was purg'd, and to God purify'd.

3 To me it is plain
When *Jeſus* was ſlain,
Eternal Redemption he then did obtain.

4 From bondage and chains,
From ſin and hell-pains,
Redemption of all in one man he obtains.

5 Bap-

5 Baptiz'd into him,
Who did me redeem,
His perſon and glories are my conſtant theme.

6 For all of the Lamb
I rightfully claim,
To reſt in his fulneſs of ſtature I aim.

7 The Father makes known
What he hath beſtown
On *Chriſt*, and inſtructs me to call it my own.

XLIV.

The ſame.

1 NOR reaſon, nor ſenſe
Knows how I commence
The man that is perfect, and free from offence.

2 And yet what I ſay
Is truth, and the way
To reſt that is glorious, tho' reaſon ſay nay.

3 In *Jeſus* as clean
My Spirit's brought in,
Where I ſhall no more have a conſcience of ſin.

4 My conſcience is pure
In *Jeſus*, and ſure
Of anſwering in peace towards God evermore.

5 This

5 This deep holineſs,
Which now I poſſeſs,
Is not by my cleanſing the filth of the fleſh.

6 My conſcience it ſaith,
It is by the faith
Of *Chriſt's* reſurrection, from ſin, hell, and death.

7 In *Jeſus* complete,
My brethren I'll greet;
All hail, happy people, our honours are great!

XLV.

For he hath made him to be ſin for us, who knew no ſin, that we might be made the righteouſneſs of God in him, 2 Cor. 5. 21.

1 WHilſt I ſhall track the depth of love,
Which ſo tranſparently doth ſhine,
No more in reaſon's path I rove,
To ſearch the Myſtery divine.
From all that's ſenſual flies my heart,
And enters deep infinity,
With ſpirits bleſt to bear a Part,
In one melodious harmony.

2 Helpleſs in infancy I ſee,
In likeneſs of a ſinful worm,

Reduc'd

Reduc'd to ſhame and poverty,
My God in moſt deſpiſed form:
He liv'd but until the eighth day,
Ere he commenc'd the ſuff'ring Lamb,
By holy ſign to put away
Our fleſh pollutions, and our ſhame.

3 Our ſpreading filth contracted cloſe,
Within the compaſs of a ſpan,
Affrights the Child from calm repoſe,
To feel the miſery of man:
His life was painful, void of reſt,
Full of reproach, contempt and ſcorn;
With weighty griefs and woes oppreſt,
Till all chaſtiſements he had borne.

4 The more in years he did increaſe,
The more its preſſure he did feel,
Till time drew near when ſin ſhould ceaſe,
And he his teſtament ſhould ſeal;
Then ſin and *ſatan* had the ſway,
To vex, accuſe him, and condemn,
Whilſt God did all his wrath diſplay,
To end all ſin, and man redeem.

5 Thy conflicts in thine agony,
When ſtrengthen'd by a kind ſupport,
Shews how our pond'rous load did lie
With Anguiſh on thy very heart;
Trembling beneath our curſe and woe,
With groans in moſt exceſſive pain,

Thy

Thy bl ody ſweat, like rivers flow,
Collected from deſcending rain.

6 Now ſee him deſtin'd to the croſs,
With dreadful horror ſore oppreſs'd,
There ſin ſuſtain'd its endleſs loſs,
And all tranſgreſſion there hath ceas'd.
High as an enſign there he hangs,
In blood, by heav'n and earth forſook;
All nature groan'd in dreadful pangs,
And earth's foundations rudely ſhook.

7 His life expiring with a groan,
His ſoul ſtarts from his body torn;
The bride came to her native home,
From all his wounds renew'd and born:
'Tis finiſh'd! loud the echo ſounds,
Our ranſom price is fully paid;
The Father's pleas'd to ſee thoſe wounds,
Where ſin is ſlain, and vengeance ſtaid.

8 His lifeleſs body drain'd of blood,
Then was fulfill'd that faithful word,
Spoken of old by men of God;
How nature ſpoil'd, ſhould be reſtor'd;
'Twas done when *radiant* he aroſe
Triumphant over death and hell;
Then in him roſe the darling ſpouſe,
With him in all his bliſs to dwell.

9 God's royal cloathing now are we,
And he hath mark'd us with his name,

Together

Together with the Son made free,
For-ever perfect, without blame ;
One life, one joy with him we have :
Whilst in this world's bewilder'd maze,
We nothing more desire or crave,
Incessantly we *Jesus* praise !

XLVI.

Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, Isa. lx. 1.

1 WE now arise, the light is come,
The glory of the Lord appears ;
No more in darkness may we roam,
Expos'd to guilt and many fears.

2 The day-spring glorious from on high,
Beams forth in brightness all divine ;
Our nightly fears and troubles die,
Whilst we in perfect beauty shine.

3 The Godhead's glory rising bright
On us, in *Christ* the heav'nly man,
Declares us perfect in his sight,
Whilst we admire the gracious plan.

4 What e'er we lost we here regain ;
The end of all our toil is come,
Nor sin, nor curse doth now remain,
We rest in God our native home.

5 We now no conſciouſneſs retain
Of ſin, no nor of righteouſneſs,
Demonſtrate as what doth remain
In us, to comfort or diſtreſs.

6 But all the conſciouſneſs we have,
Of what condition we are in,
Is after *Chriſt*, rais'd from the grave,
A conq'ror over hell and ſin.

7 There in our nature greatly bleſt,
And purg'd from ev'ry ill, thro' blood,
Our conſcience finds eternal reſt,
And anſwers peacefully to God.

XLVII.

The ſame.

1 HERE ſhall no trouble or diſmay
Reach us, nor want, nor ſin, nor ſhame;
For *Chriſt* to-day and yeſterday,
And to eternity's the ſame.

2 Here conſummate in joy and peace,
We hail that wounded, bleeding heart,
Where, ſav'd from ſin, we'll never ceaſe
To praiſe the Lamb our better part.

3 Now all things in one period turn;
Sin dare no more to ſhow its head;
No more we want, nor ſigh, nor mourn,
On ev'ry foe we conq'ring tread.

4 The end is come, God hath appear'd,
Aſſum'd our fleſh, and blood, and bone;
The body in his love, prepar'd,
Is that where *Chriſt* and we are one.

5 O death! where's now thy ſting and curſe?
Where's now thy boaſted pow'r and might?
We feel no more the dread remorſe,
Nor can thy terrors us affright.

6 Glory to our incarnate God!
We're ſav'd in him, the work is done;
He leads us, by the *Saviour*'s blood,
Up to the glories of his throne.

XLVIII.

He that ſpared not his own Son, but deliver'd him up for us all; how ſhall he not with him freely give us all things? Rom. viii. 32.

1 WE now with gladneſs tell,
What proof our God hath giv'n,
That we with him ſhall ever dwell
Above the higheſt Heav'n.

2 That our Creator's love,
Eſſentially to man ;
His dealings with us fully prove,
Thro' all the chriſtian plan.

3 Such was his love to us,
He freely gave his Son
To ſuffer death upon the croſs,
And, bleeding, there atone.

4 For us he made him ſin,
Then pierc'd him to the heart ;
This to deſtroy, the ſpear went in,
For this he bore his ſmart.

5 Beneath the pond'rous load
His ſinking ſpirit fell,
From Heav'n, his high and bleſt abode,
To the confines of hell.

6 His ſoul with anguiſh rent,
His head with trouble bow'd ;
He gave his unknown ſorrows vent,
And, roaring, cry'd aloud.

7 His ſighs, and tears, and groans,
His inward torments ſpeak ;
His ſtruggles hard, with piteous moans,
'Till all his heart-ſtrings break.

8 His loud and piercing cry,
Effect of pain and fear,
Did, as the choiceſt melody,
Salute the Father's ear.

9 Not ſongs of morning-ſtars,
Nor angels higheſt praiſe,
Could ſo delight his holy ears,
Or like harmony raiſe.

10 Such was the love of God,
Commended towards us;
Such was the pleaſure which he had
In ſin's deſtruction thus.

XLIX.

The ſame.

1 THE Father's holy eye
Beheld his ſon in blood,
With pleaſure infinitely high,
Peculiar to a God.

2 Nor did (when time began)
That work pronounc'd ſo good,
Appear ſo pleaſing as this Man,
Adorn'd with wounds and blood.

3 This ſign and token giv'n,
Sufficiently doth prove,
Without another ſign from Heav'n,
That God, our Father's love.

4 Here all our ſin hath ceas'd;
Our joys are here ſecure;
Our nature from the curſe releas'd,
Thro' *Jeſu*'s death is pure.

5 Then was our Heav'n brought in,
And we were ſav'd from guilt,
When *Chriſt* in character of ſin,
Annihilation felt.

L.

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, that, though he was rich, yet for your ſakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich, 2 Cor. viii. 9.

1 JESUS, how glorious is thy grace!
How excellent thy name!
Unclouded Heavens in thy face,
Thou venerable Lamb.

2 Tho' thou waſt rich in angel's ſongs,
Thou willingly waſt born
To feel the rage of mortal tongues,
Their ridicule and ſcorn.

3 Tho'

3 Tho' thou waſt rich in pow'r ſupreme,
Yet didſt thou condeſcend,
From worms of earth to ſuffer ſhame,
And inſults from the Fiend.

4 Tho' thou waſt rich in righteouſneſs,
Divinely pure within;
Yet didſt thou feel hell's deep diſtreſs,
When made our curſe and ſin.

5 Tho' thou waſt infinitely high
And rich, yet didſt thou take
The deepeſt ſhame and poverty,
And for the ſinner's ſake:

6 That, thro' thy poverty and loſs,
We might be rich and bleſt;
And, by the labours of thy croſs,
Might gain eternal reſt.

7 Inrich'd by all thy loſs and ſmart,
Thy heav'n's on man beſtow'd;
Witneſs'd when from thy bleeding heart
The blood and water flow'd.

8 Our deareſt Lord we bleſs thy grace,
Thy wond'rous love admire;
To ſee the beauties of thy face,
May all the world deſire.

9 Live *Jesus*, live for-ever more,
Whilſt all the ſons of God
Thy glorious perſon ſhall adore,
And bleſs thy grace and blood.

LI.

In his humiliation, his judgment was taken away,
Acts viii. 33.

1 JESUS, thy beauties I explore!
Who am a helpleſs worm;
Adoring now and evermore
Thy crucified form.

2 When on thy croſs, my deareſt Lord,
What love didſt thou diſplay!
Eternal annals ſhall record
The great uncommon day.

3 Down low, beneath the wrath of heav'n,
Thy troubled ſoul did bow;
Humiliation deeply grav'n
Upon thy bleeding brow.

4 My God! my God! was then thy cry,
Why haſt thou me forſook?
Nature, replying with a ſigh,
In ſtrong convulſions ſhook.

5 More

5 More marr'd than any man's thy face,
Thy judgment's took away;
Nor men, nor angels then could trace
Thy myſtery, thy day.

6 Thou didſt, when in the depths of hell,
An awful ſilence keep;
No tongue like thine can ever tell
The horrors of the deep.

7 Strong pains of death encompaſs'd thee,
And helliſh pangs were felt,
That thou might'ſt ſet thy children free
From all their ſin and guilt.

8 Tho' *Satan* once did us enſlave,
Now thou haſt bruis'd his head;
And in thyſelf didſt fully ſave
Thy lov'd, thy royal ſeed.

9 Hence everlaſting praiſe belongs
To thee our God and King:
Do thou but influence our ſongs,
And we will ever ſing.

LII.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, ſaith your God: Speak ye comfortably to Jeruſalem ; *and cry unto her, that her warfare is accompliſhed, that her iniquity is pardoned ; for ſhe hath received, at the Lord's hand, double for all her ſins,* Iſa. xl. 1. 2.

1 COMFORT ye my, comfort ye my
People, ſaith your God ;
Comfortably ſpeak ye to her,
(Shout and cry aloud) ;
Tell her that her warfare's o'er,
Tell her that her vict'ry's ſure ;
Sin nor wrath, nor ſecond death,
Shall ne'er o'ertake her more.

2 Sin is pardon'd, *&c.*
God the word did give ;
The moſt harden'd, *&c.*
Now ſhall hear and live :
She receiv'd, to make her clean,
(From his hand for ev'ry ſin)
Grace and trouble, fully double ;
Joy ye ſons of men !

3 Glorious *Jeſus*, &c.
Thou art lifted high ;
That ſhall pleaſe us, *&c.*
To eternity :

What

What these tidings good contain,
Thy dear blood and wounds explain:
Never-ending love! descending
By thy smart and pain.

4 All our warfare, &c.
Thou'st accomplish'd well;
Bravely conquer'd, &c.
Sin, and death, and hell:
Thee we hail, thou King of Heav'n!
Thou thy all to us hast giv'n;
In thy blood, our Lord and God,
We find our holy leav'n.

5 Thy soul-trouble, &c.
Suff'ring in our room,
's more than double, &c.
Adam's awful doom:
All the plenitude of grace
Fills thy sweet, thy lovely face;
More abounding, deeper sounding,
Than our sinful case.

6 Thy condition, &c.
Fully is our own;
No ambition, &c.
This, but truly known;
What the members all may know:
Living in their Head, they'll grow
Up to this, the source of bliss,
Where endless comforts flow.

7 Holy *Saviour*, &c.
Glorious is thy name !
Each believer, &c.
Sing, the bleeding Lamb :
Ever may thy glories ſhine !
Worthy thou the Lamb divine !
Glorious praiſe, ancient of days,
Be ever, ever thine.

LIII.

We have not an high-Prieſt, who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities. Heb, iv. 15.

1 MY deareſt Lamb, who bear'ſt my grief,
Thy ſympathy affords relief
To thy poor, drooping bride :
Thy blood, as wine, ſhall cheer my heart ;
I'll draw my eaſe from all thy ſmart,
And from thy pierced ſide.

2 When thy poor church grows tir'd and faint,
And, overburden'd, makes complaint
Of ſome tremendous load,
Which ſinks her mind in heavineſs,
And all her inward pow'rs diſtreſs,
As with an abſent God.

3 Thou ſay'ſt, thou haſt been tempted ſore,
In ev'ry point like her, and more;
Witneſs the ſhameful croſs:
Now touch'd with ev'ry feeling ſenſe
Of what can give thy bride offence;
Hence ſhe ſuſtains no loſs.

4 If in the duſt ſhe fainting ſit,
Waſhing her loving *Saviour*'s feet
With her o'erflowing tears;
Thou gently doſt her ſpirit raiſe,
Filling her heart with ſongs of praiſe,
And baniſhing her fears.

5 Thou canſt not ſee us weep alone,
But ſigh for ſigh, and groan for groan,
With us thou bear'ſt a part;
Whilſt pants the ſoul, with throbbing breaſt,
With equal ſympathy oppreſt,
We feel thy loving heart.

LIV.

By night on my bed, I ſought him whom my ſoul loveth, Cant. iii. 1.

1 DEareſt *Jeſus*, tho' unſeen,
My believing heart muſt love thee;
Poor, deſpiſed *Nazarene*,
A kind and conſtant friend I prove thee;
Sinking in thy balmy name,
O, how I love my deareſt Lamb.

2 Night and day I vent my ſighs,
Languiſhing to ſee my Saviour :
With warm heart and wond'ring eyes,
I'd view my dying God for-ever :
Here I always would abide ;
O, this I chooſe, and nought beſide !

3 Like the widow'd turtle-dove,
I, dear, lovely Man, adore thee ;
Pants my ſoul quite faint with love,
Singing, " O my love, reſtore me
" To thy preſence, ſweet and free ;
" O, how I long to be with thee !"

4 O'er the hills I ſee him come,
Swift as darts the piercing lightning,
Scatters all my horrid gloom ;
All my joys are quick and brightning :
Welcome, welcome, deareſt Lamb ;
O how his preſence feeds my flame !

5 Praiſe ſhall my glad lips employ,
Praiſe ſhall all my pow'rs enliven,
To the fountain of my joy,
Jeſus, Prince of earth and heaven :
He is mine, and I am his ;
O, he's my glory and my bliſs !

LV.

Make haſte, my beloved; and be thou like to a roe, or to a young heart, upon the mountains of ſpices, Cant. viii. 14.

1 MY beloved! haſte away,
Sick of love, for thee I languiſh;
Fails my ſoul at thy delay,
Feels a dying lover's anguiſh:
Quickly, quickly, *Jeſus* come,
O make my breaſt thy native home.

2 Ev'ry moment ſeems an age,
'Till thy preſence ſhall relieve me,
'Till thy ſmiles my woes aſſuage,
And thine abſence no more grieve me:
Quickly, &c.

3 Great the force and power of love,
Whence ſprings all my ſtrong deſires;
I, thy preſence, Lord to prove,
Burn, conſum'd with inward fires:
Quickly, &c.

4 Honor, wealth, and eaſe I ſcorn,
Trifles by the world approv'd;
To ſuperior joys I'm born,
Cent'ring in my well-belov'd:
Quickly, &c.

5 O'er

5 O'er the ſpicy mountains fly
Hart and roe, yea winds out-ſtripping ;
Whilſt thou tarry'ſt, love, I die,
Sighing, longing, loving, weeping ;
Quickly, quickly, *Jeſus* come,
O make my breaſt thy native home.

LVI.

Who againſt hope believed in hope, Rom. iv. 18.

1 WHEN I behold my bleeding God,
Each mountain ſeems a plain ;
But if I e'er forget his blood,
The mountains riſe again.

2 What means my inbred ſenſe, ſo rude,
To war againſt my peace ?
Or why ſhould reaſon bold intrude
Upon a *Saviour*'s grace ?

3 What tho' my ſenſes loudly ſay,
I have nor faith, nor love ;
Nor am I in the living way
That leads to realms above ?

4 What if to increaſe ſtill my grief,
It ſummons luſt and pride,
Hardneſs of heart, and unbelief,
And all my ills beſide :

5 And

5 And, from the whole, would witneſs this,
Thou art devoid of Grace;
How canſt thou hope, in worlds of bliſs,
To ſee the *Saviour*'s face?

6 To this, the witneſs of my Lord,
(Greater than all in me),
Replies, in his unerring word,
The *Saviour*'s grace is free.

7 The man who works not, but believes
On him who juſtifies
Ungodly ſouls, in *Chriſt* receives
The life that never dies.

8 Our *Saviour* full atonement made,
When for our ſins he dy'd;
And, when he left death's gloomy ſhade,
Our perſons juſtify'd.

9 Who ſhall condemn? 'twas *Jeſus* dy'd,
'Twas *Jeſus* roſe again;
He with himſelf hath juſtify'd
The ſinful ſons of men.

10 In hope of what in *Chriſt* I am,
Rejoicing, I believe,
Againſt my hopeleſs guilt and ſhame,
And thus, by faith, I live.

LVII.

The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the World, Gal. vi. 14.

1 FArewel, vain world, from thee I ceaſe,
Having ſurvey'd thee round;
Thy honor, wealth, thy joy and peace,
I've now a bubble found.

2 Thou haſt diſown'd and hated me,
Whilſt I to pleaſe thee ſtrove;
Now I diſown and flee from thee,
And from thy hated love.

3 To me thy rage, and cruel hate,
In infant years began;
Nor did it in the leaſt abate,
When I grew up to man.

4 Thro' diſappointments all my days,
I've been by thee oppreſt:
Yea, curs'd and croſs'd in all the ways,
Where other men were bleſt.

5 The good I ſought, was ſtill deny'd
By thee, vain world, with ſcorn,
Until my ſoul, in anguiſh cry'd,
O Lord, why was I born?

6 Then,

6 Then, lifting up my weeping eye,
I saw my *Saviour* stand,
Array'd in glorious majesty,
The balance in his hand.

7 This world, and all its glories high,
He weigh'd with prudent care,
Against the lightest vanity,
And found it lighter far.

8 His love-designs he made me know:
Then that fictitious dream,
This world, with all the painted show,
Flew up and kick'd the beam.

9 Now art thou crucify'd to me,
Yet I've sustain'd no loss:
And I am crucify'd to thee,
Thanks to my *Saviour*'s cross!

10 No more deluded by thy smiles,
Nor crush'd beneath thy frown;
My *Jesus* blasts thy cobweb wiles,
And gives the glorious crown.

LVIII.

The Lord himself shall give you a sign, behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, Isa. vii. 14.

1 WE celebrate the praise to day,
Of Godhead manifest in clay,
And of a woman born!
The promis'd Son to us is giv'n,
The glories of indulgent heav'n,
Our nature doth adorn.

2 Let it be told to distant lands,
How softly wrapp'd in swaddling-bands,
And in a manger laid,
Was he, whom we with joy confess,
The glorious Lord, our RIGHTEOUSNESS!
Born of the favour'd maid.

3 Long did the saints with ardour sigh
To see his day, and thus did cry,
Desire of nations come:
More blest are we who see and prove
The fulness of the Father's love,
Born from the virgin's womb!

4 The Lord himself hath giv'n the sign
Of richest grace, and love divine,
Promis'd of old to man;
How that a *Virgin should conceive*:
The wond'rous tidings we believe,
And praise her first-born Son.

5 We

5 We join with angel-hosts to cry,
Glory to God, to God on high ;
Peace on rebellious earth :
To man good-will abounds from heav'n ;
The proof of all is richly giv'n
In this mysterious birth !

6 What things are these which angels say ?
A *Saviour* born ! yea, born to day,
In *David*'s native town :
A *Saviour, who is Christ the Lord* ;
For so declares the heavenly word ;
Hear, wonder, and bow down !

7 The *Wonderful*, the holy Child,
The *everlasting Father* stil'd,
The *mighty God* art thou ;
The *Counsellor*, the *Prince of Peace*,
Whose glorious kingdom ne'er shall cease,
Nor wars, nor tumults know.

8 The cloud on our nativity
Dispels in this thy mystery,
Thou holy, undefil'd :
Our sinful nature's born again
In this thy birth, without a stain,
And can no more be spoil'd.

LIX.

We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is,
1 John iii. 2.

1 BY grace we know, to us it's clear,
When *Christ*, our *Saviour*, shall appear,
We shall be like him, O what bliss!
For we shall see him as he is.

2 When as he is we him descry,
In spirit's light and mystery;
Unnumber'd beauties in him shine,
Beauties of God and man divine:

3 Beauties of holiness and grace,
Adorn our *Saviour*'s lovely face;
Eternal truth and righteousness
Doth he in purity possess.

4 When as he is we him do see,
From ev'ry spot and wrinkle free:
How glorious is the worthy Lamb!
How venerable is his name!

5 But, O what glorious grace is this!
That when we see him as he is,
We see ourselves, and are assur'd
That we are like our dearest Lord.

6 As we his myſtic fulneſs are,
He gives us each a member's ſhare
In all his grace: the favour'd bride
Is with his likeneſs ſatisfy'd.

7 *Jeſus*, enough, we're as thou art!
With this great truth we ne'er will part;
Each member here is as the head,
Each as its Lord is perfected.

8 But yet, as chryſtals pure tranſmit
Their luſtre whence they borrow it:
From thee, O *Chriſt*, we all receive;
To thee we all the glory give.

9 What yet ſhall glorioufly advance
Our joys, is thy pre-eminence;
'Tis heav'n to ſee thee wear the crown,
And proſtrate at thy feet fall down.

LX.

Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name above every name, Phil. ii. 9, 10, 11.

1 JESUS, thou higheſt, lovelieſt name
Of all on earth or heav'n,
The bleſt reward of all thy ſhame,
By thy great Father giv'n.

2 Becauſe thou didſt thy heavens bow,
Thy people's ancient ſuit ;
Cam'ſt down in ſervant's form, ſo low,
As loſs of all repute.

3 In faſhion as that fallen race,
Whoſe offspring are but graſs,
Thou took'ſt the meaneſt ſervile place
In all their loweſt claſs :

4 Becam'ſt obedient unto death,
Nor could'ſt, nor would'ſt thou flee;
But humbly didſt reſign thy breath
Upon the ſhameful tree!

5 Therefore hath God exalted thee,
And ſet thee up on high ;
Where thou ſhalt prais'd and worſhipp'd be
To all eternity.

6 Lo! ev'ry knee to thee ſhall bow,
Whether they ſtood or fell ;
In heav'n above, or earth below,
And in eternal hell.

7 All ſhall thy grace or fury prove ;
Thy kingdom all ſhall own :
Man ſhall be happy in thy love ;
Let *Satan* dread thy frown.

8 Thus ev'ry tongue, conſtrain'd by grace,
Or power, ſhall confeſs
The Lord, with a confuſed face,
Or, th' Lord their righteouſneſs.

9 Herein the Father's glorify'd,
That thou art Lord of all;
Whilſt men and angel's ſwelling pride
Before thy feet ſhall fall.

LXI.

Precious in the ſight of the Lord is the death of his ſaints, Pſ. cxvi. 15.

1 MOST precious, in our *Saviour*'s ſight,
Are all his ſaints unnotic'd death!
He bears them to eternal light,
When they reſign their mortal breath.

2 Precious the ſoul by him redeem'd;
From threat'ning evils ſnatch'd away,
Precious their duſt, by him eſteem'd,
He'll raiſe it at the latter day.

3 Free from this world's unnumber'd cares,
From *Satan*'s rage, and human ſpite,
From ſin's diſtreſs and gloomy fears;
How precious this in *Jeſu*'s ſight!

4 From all their labours now they reſt ;
Their weary ſouls, with joy and peace,
Leans on their faithful *Abra'm*'s breaſt,
Where all the wicked troublers ceaſe.

5 All this, and more, our brother proves ;
Now he the Son of man can ſee ;
He ſees, he feels, he joys, he loves,
And all from intermiſſion free.

6 No more, as darkly thro' a glaſs,
His eye-ſight purg'd by *Jeſu*'s blood,
Now clearly ſees *Immanuel*'s face,
The bright unclouded face of God !

7 Whilſt here below, he knew, in part,
That deep, that boundleſs, heav'nly theme,
The pow'r of *Jeſu*'s blood and ſmart,
Compleatly cleanſing us in him.

8 Feeling his heart and fleſh decay,
He languiſhed beneath thine hand,
In patient longings for the day,
When he ſhould ſee *Immanuel*'s land.

9 Now is the perfect day his own ;
No darkning vail remains between ;
He knows the Lord as he is known,
And ſees his myſt'ry as he's ſeen.

LXII.

If Christ *be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith vain,* 1 Cor. xv. 14.

The Lord is risen indeed, Luke xxiv. 34.

1 OUR glorious Lord is ris'n indeed!
Death, conquer'd, lost its prize;
The grave surrender'd him with speed,
When he assay'd to rise.

2 In vain the soldiers watch his tomb,
When heav'nly forms appear;
The *Roman* eagle's overcome,
The soldiers die with fear.

3 An angel's form before them stood;
His face like lightning shone;
Commission'd from the Father, God,
To roll away the stone.

4 Up rose the *Saviour* from the dead!
Down all opposers fell:
Satan in chains of triumph led,
Trampling on death and hell.

5 To banish his disciples fears,
He prov'd himself alive,
By all his wounds and bloody scars;
Then did their hearts revive.

6 With them, will we our Lord adore ;
For them, and us he dy'd :
He lives, he lives, and dies no more !
Hence we are juſtify'd.

7 Nor is our faith, nor preaching, vain ;
Nor in our ſins are we ;
Since *Chriſt*, our head, is ris'n again ;
And, riſing, ſet us free.

8 Who ſhall condemn ? lo ! *Jeſus* dy'd,
Yea, rather lives for us ;
He with himſelf hath crucify'd
Our ſins upon the croſs.

9 Hail, riſen *Saviour !* thee we hail,
Who, by Almighty pow'r,
Didſt over death and hell prevail ;
We bleſs the glorious hour.

10 High on thy Father *David*'s throne,
For-ever live and reign ;
'Till by thine own right hand alone,
Thy ev'ry foe be ſlain.

LXIII.

For the law was given by Moſes ; *but grace and truth came by* Jeſus Chriſt, John i. 17.

1 MOSES, he gave the fi'ry law,
Which brought no ſtrength, nor pow'r to draw ;
But the chief end for which it came,
Was to accuſe, and to condemn ;
That man might die to all his boaſted good,
Deſpair of life 'till brought to *Jeſu*'s blood.

2 By *Jeſus*, a diviner name,
Eternal grace, in juſtice, came ;
The grace giv'n us in *Chriſt*, our head,
Ere time commenc'd, or worlds were made :
In all th' extent of truth to be reveal'd,
Jeſus ador'd ! and human nature heal'd.

3 What grace appear'd in *Jeſu*'s birth,
In all his humbled life on earth !
What grace in all his torments great !
His wounds, his death, and bloody ſweat :
All witneſſing his love, the love of God !
Pardon, and peace, to ſinful man by blood.

4 Grace ! O how charming is the ſound !
Of us, who ſought him not, he's found :
Unaſk'd, God did his Son reveal
In us ; nor did that love conceal,

Which

Which wrought for us, upon the bloody tree,
Salvation, everlasting, full, and free.

5 Fulness of grace to *Christ* is giv'n ;
In him is all the fund of heav'n :
For us each talent he improves ;
He dy'd and lives, the Man he loves ;
He says whene'er our emptiness we view,
Sufficient is my grace and truth for you.

6 How rich the grace that plans our ways !
And crowns with blessings all our days !
What tho' in this our pilgrimage,
We feel both man and *Satan*'s rage ?
All those things work together for our good ;
Such is the grace that came by *Jesu*'s blood.

7 Lord *Jesus Christ*, we blest thy name ;
By thee our great salvation came :
Thy streams of grace and truth shall flow
On us, this barren desart thro' :
Thro' this dark world, our wants are well supply'd ;
Nor shall we fail, for *Jesus* is our guide.

LXIV.

And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 O CHRIST! O love divine!
How wonderful art thou!
What heavenly beauties in thee shine!
What mercies from thee flow!

2 Lo! thou art all we need,
To make us truly blest;
Thy worshippers are all agreed,
Thou art the sinner's rest.

3 When blows the stormy wind,
The rage of man or hell,
A hiding-place in thee we find,
Shelter'd in peace we dwell.

4 When *Satan*, sin and law,
Do fiercely all unite;
Most fearfully on us to draw
A dark, tempestuous night.

5 When thunders roar aloud
Thro' the distemper'd sky;
Like lightnings from the sulph'rous cloud,
When dreadful curses fly.

6 Deſpairing, guilty fears,
In fiery tempeſts roll,
And when the ſecond death appears
To fright the trembling ſoul.

7 By faith in thee made bold,
We ſmile when tempeſts fall;
Thou art the Man promis'd of old,
To cover us from all.

LXV.

The ſame.

1 WHILST we are marching thro'
This land with drought accurs'd,
Rivers of living waters flow,
In thee to quench our thirſt.

2 This world's a weary land;
By ſin, a deſart made:
'Tis all around a burning ſtrand;
Has no refreſhing ſhade.

3 But thou'rt our mighty Rock;
Thy ſhadow very great!
Where all thy weary pilgrim-flock
Find a divine retreat.

4 Tho'

4 Tho' once with ſin oppreſs'd,
From which no part was free ;
Our grievances are now redreſs'd,
Dear, glorious Man, in thee.

5 In thee we now have found
What'er we loſt, and more ;
We ſee thy grace much more abound,
Than ſin had done before.

6 Thy praiſe be our employ ;
Thy glories ever ſhine :
All our ſalvation, hope, and joy,
Art thou, O Man divine !

LXVI.

As the apple-tree is among the trees of the wood, ſo is my beloved among the ſons, Cant. ii. 3.

1 WHEN all the virtues of the wood,
Impartially we trace ;
The apple-tree, as rare, and good,
Firſt claims the higheſt place :
Beauteous, and rare, it ſtands admir'd,
Amongſt a thouſand trees ;
Its fragrance, fruit, and ſhade deſir'd,
To quicken, feed, and pleaſe.

2 Juſt ſo, excelling heav'n and earth,
Is my beloved ſeen
Amongſt the ſons of royal birth,
The ſons of God or men:
Above them all he ſtands alone,
Pre-eminent and rare;
The Father's firſt begotten Son,
None may with him compare.

3 He as the Man of God's right hand,
Is all perfection ſeen;
Whilſt angels charg'd with folly ſtand,
And heav'n's declar'd unclean.
When blaſted ev'ry tree beſide,
Still *he* affords a ſhade;
A ſafe aſylum for his bride,
Which love eternal made.

4 His fragrant name our hearts ſhall cheer,
As ointments poured forth;
More than the names which angels bear,
Or men of higheſt worth.
Unſav'ry all the ſons we prove,
Their worth no more can ſee;
The fragrance of eternal love
Comes forth, dear Lamb, from thee.

5 Thy fruits, thy wiſdom, love, and pow'r,
Are perfect evermore;
Whilſt all beſide are green and ſour,
Or rotten at the core.

Live

Live thou, of all the ſons admir'd,
As th' only juſt and good;
As ſtands the apple-tree deſir'd,
In the unfruitful wood.

LXVII.

For the inviſible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly ſeen, being underſtood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, Rom. i. 20.

1 ETERNAL excellence!
Thy worms would fain declare,
In the divineſt ſenſe,
How thou art heav'nly fair:
O Prince, *Meſſiah*, thou art ſeen
The faireſt of the ſons of men.

2 *Jeſus*, thy beauties ſhine
Bright, infinitely bright;
Both human and divine,
In thee, O Lamb, unite!
Whate'er in heav'n or earth we ſee,
As beautiful, are types of thee.

3 The ſun, the moon, the ſtars,
With all the thrones above,
Thine excellence declares,
Thy beauty, pow'r, and love:
All worlds before thy throne we ſee,
A ſea of glaſs reflecting thee.

4 Man in his first estate,
Most wonderfully form'd,
With beauty's pow'rs replete,
With holiness adorn'd,
From ev'ry spot and blemish free,
Was but a figure, Lord, of thee.

5 As blood of goats, and lambs,
Is to thy blood divine,
Or, as their altar-flames,
Dear *Jesus* are to thine;
So *Adam*'s purity appears,
To *thee* no more proportion bears.

6 Lo! here self-interest fails,
Man's haughtiness sinks low;
Thy beauty, Lord, prevails;
We at thy footstool bow:
Thou know'st our heart, we need no more
Our heav'ns to worship, love, adore.

LXVIII.

Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification, Rom. iv. 25.

1 JESUS, thy name we praise!
To thee our songs we raise:
Hail holy Lamb;
Thou hast redeem'd us,
Greatly esteem'd us,
Witness thy sacrifice, torment and shame.

2 When

2 When we were loſt in ſin,
Unholy and unclean,
Unmeet for God :
Wond'rous redemption !
Glorious exemption
Now, and for-ever, from hell, by thy blood !

3 When thou didſt Man become,
Our ſtate thou didſt aſſume,
Thou waſt made ſin ;
All our uncleanneſs
Spirit'al leanneſs,
Luſt, pride, and enmity thou didſt take in.

4 Thou waſt made man, with all
His mis'ries by the fall ;
Faithful to God ;
Greatly enduring
All the out-pouring
Of infinite puniſhment, ſuff'ring to blood.

5 Humbling thyſelf to death,
Thou didſt reſign thy breath,
Tortur'd with pain :
God had declar'd
Man once enſnared
Surely ſhould die the death ; this was ſin's gain.

6 Here was our ſin deſtroy'd ;
Our enemies annoy'd,
When *Jeſus* dy'd
Sighing and groaning,
Bleeding, atoning,
Sin was condemned and ſlain in *his* ſide.

7 When the third morn was come,
Then didſt thou leave the tomb ;
Ceas'd all thy woes ;
Bravely victorious,
Heavenly glorious,
Openly triumphing over thy foes.

8 Lo ! hence our joys begin,
We ſee thee without ſin,
Holy and bright ;
Juſtification,
Perfect ſalvation,
Thy reſurrection for man brought to light.

9 'Twas then the Father ſpake,
His awful ſilence brake,
Thou art my ſon,
Holy for-ever,
Worthy my favor,
Only begotten, come ſit on my throne.

10 Hail ! ſon of *Mary*, hail !
Our ſongs ſhall never fail
Whilſt grace doth ſhine ;

Deep

Deep adoration
Thy congregation
Ever shall pay thee, thou *Saviour* divine.

LXIX.

Ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law? Gal. iv. 25.

Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, Rom. x. 4.

1 ALL you who make the law your choice,
Attend and hear its dreadful voice,
The voice of words, on *Sinai* heard,
That voice which *Isr'el* greatly fear'd;
So feard as humbly to implore
That they might hear its sound no more.

2 Lightnings, with horrid glare were seen,
Tremendous thunders roar'd between;
Darkness, with flames encircled round:
The trump of God, its awful sound,
Louder, and louder rent the air,
And smote their hearts with deep despair.

3 The trembling multitude, they heard
All that the voice of words declar'd;
The darkness, fire and smoke they saw,
The dreadful pomp of *Moses'* law,
Who, whilst the mountains base did shake,
Most terribly did fear and quake.

4 I am

4 I am the Lord, thy God, says he ;
Nor shalt thou worship ought but me :
Nor to thyself shalt thou e'er make
An image, nor the likeness take
Of ought in heav'n, or earth below,
With rev'rence unto it to bow.

5 Thou shalt not take my name in vain.
Lest thou incur the guilty stain :
Remember keep the sabbath-day,
Thou shalt not work, nor idly play :
To parents thou shalt honor give,
If in the land thou long wouldst live.

6 Murder, never shalt thou do it :
Nor vile adultery commit :
Thou shalt not steal : (my statutes hear)
Nor witness falsely shalt thou bear :
Thou shalt not covet, lusting in
What is thy neighbours ; this is sin.

7 Nor only keep from sin thine hands ;
A word, desire, or look offends ;
A moment's lust, the smallest flaw,
So fully breaks my holy law,
Tho' it be but in heart conceiv'd,
As ne'er by thee can be retriev'd.

6 Holy and just are God's commands ;
Wo to the man who e'er offends
In one small point, he on him draws
The curse of all the broken laws ;

All

All join in one to damn the wretch,
Who's guilty of the ſmalleſt breach.

9 In awful truth hath God declar'd,
The ſinner never can be ſpar'd;
On his own head ſhall be his blood,
Who treſpaſſes againſt his God:
The ſoul that ſinneth, it ſhall die,
Here and in hell eternally.

10 Nor can they for their ſin atone;
Their ſacrifices he'll have none;
Nor will their pray'rs nor tears accept,
Becauſe his laws they have not kept:
Thus for their ſin, e'en for the firſt,
They're irrevokably accurs'd.

11 The law is holy, juſt, and true,
And what it ſpeaks, it ſpeaks to you
Who to be under it deſire,
And eagerly thereby aſpire
To everlaſting life and bliſs,
Thro' works of your own righteouſneſs.

12 But if the goſpel-ſound you'll chooſe,
Nor him that ſpeaks from heav'n refuſe,
Prepare to hear the tidings good,
Proclaim'd to man by *Jeſu*'s blood;
Adminiſtred with glory, more
Than *Sinai*'s law which went before.

13 No dreadful thunders roaring here,
Nor blaſting lightnings, cauſing fear;

Nor earthquake, darkneſs, ſmoak, nor flame,
Nor dreadful voice when *Jeſus* came :
But all was glorious, calm, ſerene,
When God came down to dwell with men.

14 From heav'n the flaming cherubs came,
And ſung on earth with tongues of flame,
Tidings of endleſs joy to all
The ſons of *Adam* great and ſmall ;
How that bleſs'd Morn was born a Child,
By whom the law ſhould be fulfil'd.

15 Under the law, of woman made,
And, as of all his church, the head ;
Perfect obedience unto blood,
To yield the law engag'd he ſtood ;
And all its breaches to repair,
By taſting death, hell, and deſpair.

16 Divinely born, this wond'rous Child
Was holy, harmleſs, undefil'd !
The law he perfectly obey'd,
In action, word, nor thought, e'er ſtray'd ;
But in the law was his delight,
By doing good both day and night.

17 He knew no ſin, was free from guile,
Nor could the Tempter him defile :
One God he ſerv'd in righteouſneſs :
Nor bow'd to creature-likeneſſes :

His

His name in vain he never took :
Nor holy ſabbath ever broke.

18 Honor to parents he did give ;
Nor ceas'd, whilſt he on earth did live :
Quite free from murder and debate,
Nor did his ſoul his brother hate :
His nature loath'd adult'rous fire,
Nor ever felt a baſe deſire.

19 He did not ſteal with heart, nor hand :
Nor bearing witneſs, falſely ſtand :
No evil of his neighbour ſpake,
Nor coveted with luſt to take
Whatever was his neighbour's right,
'Twas always hateful in his ſight.

20 But God, with all his heart, he lov'd :
This his whole life and practice prov'd :
Next as himſelf, yea far above
Himſelf he doth his neighbour love,
Does unto all men what he would
That they, in all their doings, ſhould.

21 The law, thus pleas'd, demands, at laſt,
Atonement for the ſin that's paſt :
He undertook the breach to heal,
Our ſin, our curſe, our hell, to feel :
The full extent of puniſhment,
For all that's ſin, he underwent.

22 All chaſtiſements by him were borne,
Wounds, blood, and bruiſes him adorn;
His nerves all broken; gloomy fears
Ruſh on him; blood, and ſweat, and tears,
Moiſt'ning the burning ſacrifice,
Gratefully ſmoaking to the ſkies.

23 Death-pangs, with all the pains of hell,
In dreadful ſtorms upon him fell:
Nor may the finite mind conceive;
Nor dare the infidel believe
What unknown torments *Jeſus* felt;
What flames of ſoul-devouring guilt.

24 With unregarded groans and cries,
Convulſive ſtruggles, dying ſighs;
In character of ſinners loſt,
He fainting, yielded up the ghoſt:
Death took him pris'ner, him detain'd,
Whilſt the leaſt charge of ſin remain'd.

25 His holy life, his death and ſmart;
Tormented ſoul, and broken heart;
The holy law, more magnify'd
Than if a thouſand worlds had dy'd:
O love! in him the glor'ous God,
Redeems his church with his own blood.

26 O glorious truth, with *Jeſus* one!
To all he is, and all that's done
By him, we've an undoubted right,
There holy in the Father's ſight:

Myſterious

Myſterious union! there is known
His perſon, life, and death our own.

27 Then, O my ſoul, no longer fear
Old *Sinai*'s thunders; joyful hear
The voice of love, the love of God,
The voice of *Jeſu*'s richeſt blood:
Tho' thou, poor ſoul, haſt nought to give,
The blood of *Jeſus* bids thee live.

28 Live; lo! he gives his All to thee:
Live now from condemnation free;
Live, ſince thou haſt in *Jeſus* dy'd;
Live, juſtice now is ſatisfy'd:
For-ever live, he lives again;
To all he is, urge ſtill thy claim.

29 O lamb, whoe'er in thee believes,
The witneſs of the truth receives:
How thou, our *Chriſt*, our joy, our bliſs,
Art the full end for righteouſneſs,
Of ev'ry law: (O glorious grace!)
To guilty *Adam*'s ſinner race.

30 Hail, *Saviour* of the body, hail!
O'er all our foes didſt thou prevail;
For-ever wear the glorious wreath
Of vict'ry over hell and death:
We ſee, with joy divinely ſweet,
All conquer'd at thy bleeding feet.

LXX.

Compos'd for the GENERAL FAST, in the Year 1757.

Can the children of the bride-chamber faſt, while the Bridegroom is with them? as long as they have the Bridegroom with them, they cannot faſt: but the days will come when the Bridegroom ſhall be taken away from them, and then ſhall they faſt, Mark ii. 19, 20.

1 NOW doth the truth appear,
Our dear prophetic Lord,
Of what thou didſt declare
In thine unerring word;
The awful ſigns, by thee foretold,
Of thine approach, we now behold.

2 Nations are in diſtreſs,
Striving, by force and fraud,
Each other to oppreſs;
Yet their own ways applaud:
In divers places earthquakes are,
Mens hearts are failing them for fear.

3 The Gods of earth, their jars
Occaſion fierce debate;
Conteſts and bloody wars
Proclaim their mut'al hate;

Whilſt

Whilſt mutt'ring rumour now declares,
How all the world for war prepares.

4 Redeemer, thou wilt come,
(Thoſe ſigns point out thy way)
To bring thy children home,
We wait the glor'ous day:
'Till then we calmly reſt in thee,
From dread of each ill-boding free.

5 We praiſe thee, deareſt Lord;
Nor will we hopeleſs grieve;
Inſtructed by thy word,
Rejoicing we believe,
That all things work, thro' *Jeſu*'s blood,
Now, and for-ever for our good.

6 Our deareſt Bridegroom lives!
And all our need ſupplies;
Himſelf our food he gives,
Eat, my belov'd, he cries:
His love is our divine repaſt!
O! how then can his children faſt.

7 If thou art tak'n away,
Lo! then thy children faſt:
But if thou with us ſtay,
We've a contin'al feaſt:
All other food our ſouls deſpiſe,
But thee, our Lamb and Sacrifice.

8 We'll fast from all but thee;
Thy flesh is meat indeed;
To drink thy blood we're free:
On this alone we feed!
Pleas'd with this food, most holy Lamb,
We eat and drink, and bless thy name.

LXXI.

What is thy beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? Cant. v. 9.

1 DAughters of *Jerusalem*,
If you find my well-belov'd,
Strongly represent my flame;
Tell him how my heart is mov'd;
Sick of love, I, panting, lie:
O! bid him haste, or else I die:

2 What is this belov'd of thine,
O thou fairest among women?
What perfections in him shine?
Say why thou conclud'st there's no man
Beautiful and true as he?
O! why this solemn charge from thee.

3 My belov'd is white as snow.
Ruddy as the new-blown roses;
Th' white his Deity doth show,
Th' red his human form supposes;

From

From each ſpot and blemiſh free;
O chief among ten thouſand he!

4 His head is as the fineſt gold,
His buſhy locks black as a raven;
His worth and wiſdom ſtill untold
In our ſongs, here or in heav'n:
Once with thorns crown'd, now with pow'r;
O he's the Man whom I adore!

5 His eyes are as the eyes of doves,
Innocent, chaſte, ſtrong and piercing;
Darting on me richeſt loves;
His heart's language ſtill rehearſing;
Their omniſcience guards my ways;
O how attracting are his eyes!

6 His cheeks are as the ſpicy bed,
Sweeter than the ſweeteſt flowers;
Of a lovely crimſon red;
Perfect beauties, ſtrongeſt powers;
Cluſt'ring in his face are ſeen:
O faireſt of the ſons of men!

7 His lips, like lillies, kindly give
Words as myrrh, moſt ſweetly ſmelling;
Words, whereon his children live,
Angels harmony excelling;
When love's ſilence firſt he brake,
O heav'n was in the word he ſpake!

8 His legs, as marble pillars, ſtand
On fine gold of long duration,

Shews his ſtrength and high command :
Man in God, the ſure foundation ;
Bears eternal government ;
O in his love is true content !

9 His count'nance more glorious is
Than *Lebanon*'s talleſt cedar ;
Majeſtic more than all its trees,
'Mongſt all beauties he's the leader ;
The creation is too low,
O my belov'd, thy worth to ſhow !

10 O how beauteous is his mouth !
Sweeteſt heav'n is in his kiſſes ;
Always ſpeaking words of truth,
Promiſing ten thouſand bliſſes ;
I, his gracious words believe :
O he ne'er will nor can deceive !

11 He's beyond deſcription fair,
Sweet, and lovely all together ;
All relations in him are,
Bridegroom, brother, huſband, father,
Wonderful this man divine !
O all perfections in him ſhine !

12 O ! ye daughters this is he,
This my friend and well-belov'd ;
Could you but his glory ſee,
Soon my choice would be approv'd ;
Won, like me, by conq'ring love,
O ye my flame would quickly prove.

LXXII.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek also, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple, Ps. xxvii. 4.

1 VARIOUS the objects man desires,
Whilst he to happiness aspires;
Each longing sense, would be possest
Of what most suits his childish taste;
There seeking lasting peace, and solid joy,
And heav'nly sweets, which ne'er will fade nor cloy.

2 Of thee, my sov'reign Lord and King,
My longing soul desires one thing:
I in thine house would ever dwell,
Thy goodness, O my God to tell;
There to behold, with joy, thy beauteous face,
Inquiring at thy oracles of grace.

3 This have I long desir'd of thee,
Thy beauties in thine house to see;
One day, my God, is better there,
Than are a thousand days elsewhere:
For, O! thy holy temple is the place
Where thou unveil'st thy beauty and thy grace;

4 Thy

4 Thy body, lamb, once bath'd in blood,
That temple is, that houſe of God;
Where all the church in myſtery,
As living ſtones are built in thee;
To which, by faith, we all repair and tell
How God is pleas'd in it, in us to dwell.

5 Thy miniſters, as flames of fire,
Attending with intenſe deſire;
Thy ſervants round thy table ſet,
Spread with divine, with heav'nly meat:
Apparel'd in the ſpirit, and the word,
Here dwell for-ever in thy temple, Lord.

6 Brighter than all, O *Morning-Star!*
Thou ſhin'ſt with rays reſplendent here;
Brighter than *Solomon* of old
E'er ſhone in wiſdom, pow'r, or gold:
Extaſy'd more thy ſaints than *Sheba*'s queen,
When thoſe the beauties of thine houſe are ſeen.

LXXIII.

Compos'd for the GENERAL FAST, in the year 1758.
From Iſa. v. 8.

1 CRY aloud, is the command;
Spare not, be bold and free;
Trumpet thro' a guilty land,
How they have err'd from me;

'Till

'Till their ſinfulneſs of heart,
And practice, is to them declar'd ;
Jeſus only can avert
The judgments that's prepar'd.

2 Yet they daily ſeek my face.
With much profeſs'd delight ;
As a nation rich in grace,
And righteous in his ſight ;
Truth and juſtice they would have,
Seem pleas'd in their approach to God ;
Jeſus only can us ſave,
By his own precious blood.

3 Wherefore do we faſt, ſay they,
Yet thou doſt not regard ?
Wherefore ſanctify a day,
And yet thou haſt not heard ?
'Cauſe herein you pleaſure find,
As ſuch who merit future bliſs :
Jeſus only was deſign'd
To be our Righteouſneſs.

4 Lo ! ye faſt for foul debate,
With wicked fiſt to ſmite ;
Still retaining ſtrife and hate,
Nor ceaſe from cruel ſpite :
Ye ſhall not faſt, on this day,
To make your voice be heard on high ;
Jeſus only is the way,
If you'll to God draw nigh.

5 Have

5 Have I choſe ſuch faſts as theſe,
Or ever this allow'd
That your troubles me appeaſe,
Tho' like a bull-ruſh bow'd?
Yet wilt thou call *this* a faſt,
A day accepted of your God?
Jeſus is our firſt and laſt,
The ſum of all our good.

LXXIV.

The ſame.

1 THIS is the faſt, which I will chooſe,
The burdens to undo;
The bands of wickedneſs to looſe,
And let the Pris'ner go:
Let ſuch who are oppreſt be freed,
Break ev'ry yoke in twain,
Gladly ſupply the brethren's need,
And thus allay their pain:

2 To hungry ſouls to deal thy bread,
Nor thruſt them from thy door,
But in thine houſe a table ſpread,
For all the caſt-out poor:
To all the naked cov'ring give,
Their drooping hearts refreſh;
Nor hide thyſelf, whilſt thou doſt live,
From thoſe who're thine own fleſh.

3 Attentive to the heav'nly word
We ſtand convicted deep,
That we ourſelves, before the Lord,
This faſt can never keep:
But up we look unto our head,
Jeſus the faſt hath kept;
And us in him, thro' all he did,
The father doth accept.

4 He kept the faſt, which God did chooſe;
Our burdens did undo;
Our bands of wickedneſs did looſe,
And let us pris'ners go:
From ſin's oppreſſion us he freed,
Brake ev'ry yoke in twain,
Gladly ſupply'd his brethren's need,
And ſav'd us from hell's pain.

5 To us he deals the living bread,
Nor thruſts us from his door;
But to his houſe, and table ſpread,
He brings us caſt-out poor.
Cloath'd with the labours of his croſs,
He did our hearts refreſh;
Nor did he hide himſelf from us,
But calls us his own fleſh.

6 Hail, *Alpha* and *Omega*, hail!
All hail, thou firſt and laſt!
O'er all our foes we ſhall prevail,
For thou haſt kept the faſt:

Com-

Complete in thee, our dearest Lord,
Thy works as *ours* are known:
We now, encourag'd by thy word,
Conclude thy fast's our own.

LXXV.

An Imitation of a *French* Sonnet.

For in thy sight shall no man living be justified, Ps. cxliii. 2.
But the scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise, by faith, of Jesus Christ, might be given to them that believe, Gal. 3. 22.

1 GReat God! thy judgments, all are fill'd
With equity and mercy mild;
Great pleasure dost thou take
To be propitious unto man,
To pardon where thy mercies can,
And for thy own name's sake.

2 But I have so much evil done,
That if thou judge me as I've run
The paths of vice; I'm sure
Thy goodness cannot pardon me,
Without apparent injury
Done to thy justice pure.

3 Indeed, my God, if thou should'st try
My greatness of impiety,
It leaves nought in thy pow'r,

But

But my damnation ſoon to chooſe,
On me to let thy terrors looſe,
On me thy wrath to ſhow'r.

4 Thine int'reſt, Lord oppoſes me;
Nor happineſs will let me ſee,
Becauſe thou holy art:
Thy clemency, itſelf, waits now
For my deſtruction, waits, whilſt thou
With hell transfix my heart.

5 Since, for thy glory, I muſt die,
On me my God then ſatisfy
Thy holy, juſt deſire:
At theſe my tears, which plent'ous flow,
Be thou offended highly now,
And blaſt me with thy fire.

6 Thunder and fury on me fall;
'Tis juſt, as war for war doth call:
When periſhing, I'll ſay,
There's nought unjuſt hath taken place;
Tho' from the footſtool of thy grace
Thou ſpurnedſt me away.

7 But, Lord, hear what I have to plead,
Beſide my late confeſſion made
Of evil I have done;
What part of me now wilt thou wound?
Where am I penetrable found,
Not armed with thy Son?

8 The blood of *Jesus* covers all !
O ! where then can thy fury fall ?
Sure not upon my heart ?
Then let thy flaming eyes, my God,
Find what's not cover'd with his blood,
And fur'ous smite that part.

LXXVI.

Ye are God's building, 1 Cor. iii. 9.

Builded together for an habitation of God, through the Spirit, Eph. ii. 22.

1 YE *are God's building*, (is the word)
Rais'd for the glory of the Lord,
Where he delights to dwell :
In *Jesus*, rais'd by his own hand,
This building ever shall withstand
The hostile gates of hell.

2 As skilful builders always care
Proper materials to prepare,
Needful for strength and grace ;
So did he choose us in our head,
Ere time commenc'd or worlds were made,
To build his dwelling-place.

3 Such no untemper'd mortar use,
But justly will the same refuse
For what's more excellent ;

All human daubings God despis'd ;
When he his noble building rais'd,
Christ was the strong cement.

4 Would you the stately pile survey,
Its beauty, strength and harmony ?
Then *Christ Immanuel* see !
Where all perfections in him meet,
There is the building seen complete,
The sum of all is He.

LXXVII.

The same.

1 THE Builder, whom true wisdom sways,
First the foundation deeply lays ;
Prepar'd against each shock :
Our Builder, sure of his own plan,
Founded us deeply in the Man,
On God, th' eternal rock.

2 *Christ* is that precious corner-stone,
Which all his church is built upon ;
Nor can it ever fall :
The prophets, and apostles too,
Other foundation never knew
Than *Jesus*, Lord of all.

3 *Christ*, in this building is the door ;
And always open to the poor,
Who would approach their God :

Nor,

Nor, tho' they're naked, need they fear;
For *Chriſt* is *yea*; boldly draw near,
And plead redeeming blood.

4 As windows rang'd, admit the light
To chaſe the horrors of the night,
Enlightning every part:
So, in our *Saviour*'s lovely face,
The Godhead ſhines in love and grace,
To cheer the human heart.

5 The ſtone the builders did refuſe,
Which human wiſdom ne'er will chooſe,
Is here the head-ſtone ſeen;
Brought forth with joy to make all faſt;
Chriſt is the firſt ſtone and the laſt;
The church is ſafe between.

6 The ſpacious roof, extended wide,
Lock'd in ſecure on ev'ry ſide,
Braves all the ſtorms that fall:
Chriſt is that cov'ring, ſuited well,
To ſhelter man from ſtorms of hell;
O *Chriſt!* thou art our all.

LXXVIII.

The ſame.

3 WHEN elements and time will fade,
(What wiſeſt architects have made)
Mould'ring to whence it came;
God's

God's building ever ſhall endure,
In all things order'd well and ſure,
Chriſt always is the ſame.

2 When we the inſide work ſurvey,
What grandeur does the whole diſplay!
How glorious ev'ry part!
Earth's beauties all are far too mean
To point out what's in *Jeſus* ſeen,
When he attracts the heart.

3 Foundation, *Chriſt*, and head-ſtone too,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* thou,
Of this the houſe of God:
A lively ſtone, on thee I'm built,
And waſh'd from all my dreadful guilt,
In thine atoning blood.

LXXIX.

After preaching.

O THE tidings how profound!
Which our ears and hearts have bleſt;
This indeed's the joyful ſound:
Here our weary ſouls find reſt;
O how rich, how good!
Jeſus, thou the ſubject art;
Thy deep myſtery and blood,
With all other ſounds we'll part.

LXXX.

The ſame.

WE the joyful ſound have heard,
And, hearing, have believ'd ;
What the goſpel hath declar'd,
We, ſinners, have receiv'd :
Blaſted lies the creature's pride,
And human haughtineſs ſinks low ;
Jeſus, and him crucify'd,
Is all the bliſs we know.

LXXXI.

The ſame.

THY myſtery, O *Chriſt*, how great !
Thy beauties, how divine !
Thy wounds, thy death, thy bloody ſweat,
With endleſs radiance ſhine :
With wond'ring hearts we now have ſeen,
In thy tranſparent blood,
The friendly, ſmiling, lov'd, ſerene,
Unclouded face of God !

LXXXII.

The ſame.

1 TO *Jeſus*, lifted up on high ;
As doves unto their windows fly,
We ſpeed for life and peace :
His blood, how pow'rfully it draws !
Now it hath quite remov'd the cauſe
Of ſorrow and diſtreſs.

2 As members to their head muſt join,
And branches grow in their own vine,
So are we in the Lamb :
Ours all his beauty, life, and fruit,
On him we grow, our head and root,
And hail the ſacred name.

LXXXIII.

The ſame.

CHRIST, our head's gone up on high,
And we his body are ;
All our ſorrows we'll lay by,
And each diſtracting care :
Tho' we *Satan*'s darts may feel ;
Yet he can never ſtrike us dead :
He may bruiſe us on the heel,
But cannot reach our head.

LXXXIV.

The same.

GLor'ous *Jesus!* glor'ous *Jesus!*
Thy dear name to praise;
This shall please us, this shall please us,
Greatly all our days:
O thy beauties how divine!
How they in the gospel shine!
Holy *Saviour*, live for-ever,
All our songs be thine.

LXXXV.

On observing the motion of a watch.

TIME flies,
Man dies,
Eternity's at hand:
What's best!
My rest
Is in *Immanuel*'s land,

LXXXVI.

The Teſtimony of a Chriſtian ; found after his Departure ; written, during his Illneſs, with a Pencil, on the Wall.

TRUE conſcious honor is to feel no ſin ;
He's arm'd *without* who's innocent *within*:
If any aſk me how I prove this bliſs ?
Chriſt is my purity, my wedding-dreſs.

LXXXVII.

After Preaching.

1 HOW charmingly ſounds
The word of the Lord !
Where witneſs abounds,
That Man is reſtor'd
To God, his poſſeſſion,
Dear *Jeſus* in thee ;
From ſin and tranſgreſſion
For-ever ſet free.

2 How glor'ous the name
Of *Jeſus*, our King !
Thou crucify'd Lamb,
Thine honors we ſing :
Our hope and ſalvation
To world without end ;
Our neareſt relation,
And faithfulleſt Friend.

LXXXVIII.

The same.

1 WHAT blessings in the Lamb abound!
To all who know the joyful sound;
Thy countenance, O Lord, shall shine
On them with brightness all divine.

2 The grievances which them oppress'd,
In *Jesus* now they see redress'd;
This mercy we thy worms now prove,
And bless thy grace, thou God of love.

3 Infinite wisdom, all our days
Will we admire thy pleasant ways:
Thy paths are peace, we'll run and bless
The Lord our life and righteousness.

LXXXIX.

The same.

Tho' I were perfect yet would I not know my Soul, I would despise my Life, Job ix. 21.

1 COULD I of all perfection boast,
As pure as that which *Adam* lost,
I'd sacrifice it to thy blood,
My *Christ*, my all, my only good.

2 Were

2 Were I as *Abra'm*, ſtrong in faith,
And boldly ſtedfaſt unto death ;
I'd bid my faithfulneſs adieu,
And *Jeſus* only faithful view.

3 If I more meek than *Moſes* were,
Quite free from anger, ſtrife, or fear ;
Yet this I gladly would deſpiſe,
And *Jeſu's* meekneſs only prize.

4 Was I as *Job* ſubmiſſive, ſtill
Patient, reſign'd in ev'ry ill ;
Yet all ſhould fade before his croſs,
Compar'd with *Him*, it is but droſs.

5 If I was wiſe as *Solomon*,
Like him with zeal and ardour ſhone ;
Like him I'd vain and fooliſh ſee
My wiſdom, zeal, yea all but *Thee*.

6 Had I an angel's purity ;
Yea even this I would deny ;
Nor good confeſs in name or thing,
But *Chriſt* my Lord, my life, my king.

XC.

The same.

1 JESUS only will we sing,
His mystery adore ;
Thee we praise our bleeding King,
Thy wisdom, love, and pow'r :
Thou hast wrought our works for us ;
In us thou dy'dst and liv'st again ;
By the labor of thy cross,
We endless life obtain.

2 Live ! thou mighty Prince of life ;
Great King of Glory, reign !
Him to praise be all our strife,
Who for our sins was slain.
With himself, from sin and shame,
Blameless to God he did us raise :
Worthy is the holy Lamb
Of everlasting praise.

XCI.

The same.

GLORY be to God on high ;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb ;
Sing we praises mightily,
To *Immanuel*'s worthy name :

He

He is God with us ;
In him we're eſpous'd to God ;
In him we are purg'd, by blood,
From our filth, our ſin and droſs.

XCII.

The ſame.

1 HOW pow'rful is the glor'ous word !
The unctious word of God,
Which preaches *Jeſus Chriſt* our Lord,
His ſuff'rings, death and blood.

2 How it reveals his myſtery !
Who did our ſouls redeem ;
Explains the ſacred unity,
And ſhouts us ſav'd in him.

3 It ſhews us ev'ry law command,
Dear Lamb, fulfill'd in thee ;
And bids us, faſt and fearleſs ſtand,
Where thou haſt made us free.

4 Dear, glorious Lamb, we thee adore ;
We praiſe thee for thy word :
But for thyſelf we praiſe thee more,
O ! holy, holy Lord.

XCIII.

The same.

1 BLESS'D are the eyes that see ;
The ears are bless'd that hear
The trumpet of the jubilee,
The great sabbatic year.

2 We plough, nor sow no more,
Nor toil for living bread ;
For we've a never-failing store,
A table plent'ous spread.

3 The servant now is free ;
The hateful, heavy yoke
(That all might taste true liberty)
From ev'ry neck is broke.

4 Th' inheritance once sold,
Which the poor bankrupt mourns,
To the true owner without gold,
Or price, it now returns.

5 O *Jesus !* ever blest,
Thou art our jubilee ;
Our restoration, and our rest,
Is all, dear Lamb, in thee.

6 Thy name, O bleeding King,
Shall dwell on all our tongues ;

And ev'ry heart, inſpir'd, ſhall ſing
Thy praiſe in all their ſongs.

7 Worthy the honor'd name
Of *Jeſus Chriſt*, our Lord;
He's God Almighty, and the Lamb,
Eternally ador'd.

XCIV.

Solemn Praiſe.

1 SING the triumphs of your conqu'ring
Head and crucified King;
His atchievements, when he vanquiſh'd
All our enemies, we'll ſing:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Lord, be thine.

2 Long he ſtruggled with confuſed
Noiſe, and garments roll'd in blood,
'Till deſtroying ſin, and hell, and
Death, he reſcu'd man to God:
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Moſt triumphant, greatly glor'ous,
He from death and hell aroſe;
In him all his church, victor'ous,
Triumph'd o'er her dreadful foes:
Hallelujah, &c.

4 High

4 High aſcending 'midſt angelic
Songs, and ſounds of trumpets loud,
In eternal triumph leading
All the captives of his blood :
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Far above the higheſt heaven
Thus he glorioufly aſcends,
Where the honor's to him given,
Ev'ry thought of man tranſcends :
Hallelujah, &c.

6 There, exalted, live and reign, whilſt
We admire thy wounds and blood,
'Till we ſee thee come again, in
All the pomp and pow'r of God :
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Lord, be thine.

PART II.

CONTAINING

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

BY

JOHN RELLY.

HYMNS, &c.

I.

1 MY ſong ſhall be of him who dy'd
Upon the mount of *Calvary*;
His name, his blood, and nought beſide
Shall be my theme eternally.

2 I view him in his infant form,
Poor, helpleſs in a manger laid;
To reſcue me, a worthleſs worm
Th' eternal Word my fleſh was made.

3 At eight days old the *Saviour* bled;
To purge our filth his blood was ſpilt;
Thus all the members, in the head,
Were purg'd from their parental guilt.

4 A Man of ſorrows was my Lord,
Tempted like me in ev'ry point;
That he true ſuccour might afford
To tempted ſouls, who elſe would faint.

5 Deſpis'd

5 Despis'd and friendless was the Lamb,
Abased to a low degree,
Refus'd by all with scorn and shame,
That he our faithful friend might be.

6 Mark how he loves his blood-bought friends!
When in his greatest agony
He pleads for them, he them defends,
They're as the apple of his eye.

7 For when the multitude came on
To drag him to the cursed tree;
Whom seek ye? (says the holy one)
If me you seek, the children free.

8 When thus accepted, in our stead,
Justice the sinner did release;
And for the members smote the head,
Chastis'd him for our breach of peace.

II.

1 O Lamb, my Lord, my God, my King,
I could for-ever speak of thee!
Thy suff'rings, and thy conquests sing,
O! the dear Lamb, who dy'd for me.

2 What suff'rings didst not thou sustain!
From hellish chains my soul to free;
What horrors, grief, and unknown pain!
O! the dear Lamb, who felt for me.

3 At ſupper with thy family,
Strange helliſh pains caught hold on thee;
Then the important hour drew nigh,
That my dear Lamb ſhould die for me.

4 When to the garden he withdrew,
How ſore amaz'd and griev'd was he,
Beyond what mortals ever knew;
O! that dear Lamb, who griev'd for me.

5 Proſtrate himſelf he humbly lays;
Great ruddy drops of ſweat I ſee
Fall from him, whilſt he weeps and prays;
O! that dear Lamb, who pray'd for me.

6 They buffeted my Lord and God;
Yea, on thy cheek, O *Chriſt*, ſmote thee
The judge of *Iſr'el*, with a rod;
O! that dear Lamb, thus ſmote for me.

7 Reviled, ſcourg'd, ſpit on, abus'd,
Condemn'd to the accurſed tree,
Of all that's vile and baſe accus'd;
O! that dear Lamb, accus'd for me.

8 The croſs they on his ſhoulders lay;
To bear the ſame the Lamb was free,
Until, oppreſs'd, he faints away;
O! the dear Lamb, who faints for me.

9 They nail'd him to the fatal wood;
His pierced hands and feet I ſee;

From

From ev'ry wound freſh ſtreams of blood ;
O ! the dear Lamb, who bled for me.

10 They lift him high upon the croſs,
Naked in blood, that all might ſee ;
Whilſt angels gaze, and bow, and bluſh ;
O ! that dear Lamb, accurs'd for me.

11 'Tis finiſh'd, cry'd the Lamb of God,
Then dy'd to ſet his children free ;
Salvation's finiſh'd, cries his blood ;
O ! that dear Lamb, who dy'd for me.

12 Down thro' the ſhades of death he goes,
His enemies all conquer'd flee ;
Triumphant over all his foes ;
O ! that dear Lamb, did all for me.

13 With warriors ſcars, deep wounds & blood,
Rais'd from the dead again I ſee
My everlaſting Lord and God,
That deareſt Lamb, who dy'd for me.

14 O ! worthy Lamb, I'll thee adore,
Let *Adam*'s offspring all agree
To praiſe the Lamb who dies no more,
But lives to bleſs both them and me.

III.

1 DEAR Shepherd, ſee thy flock here met,
Before thy pierced feet to bow;
To praiſe thy wounds, thy blood and ſweat,
Thro' which eternal love did flow,

2 Thou art with us where e'er we meet;
Nor wilt thou leave us, holy Lamb:
We find a calm, a bleſt retreat
Beneath the cov'ring of thy name,

3 Great mercies thou to us haſt ſhewn,
Since firſt we knew that we were thine;
Since firſt thou mark'd us for thy own,
With grace and righteouſneſs divine.

4 Seal'd for thine own we ſurely are;
Thy ſpirit, Lord, our witneſs is:
Nor can we fall from *Jeſus* far,
For he is love and tenderneſs.

5 There's none can pluck us from his hand,
Inclos'd by grace on ev'ry ſide;
His oath, his promiſe firmly ſtand,
We ever ſhall with him abide!

6 He never will himſelf deny;
Nor could he die for man in vain:
How then ſhall God in wrath deſtroy,
The ſouls for whom the Lamb was ſlain.

7 The

7 The countleſs price he paid for us,
Exempts us from the iron rod :
His life, his death, his blood and croſs,
Hath reconcil'd us all to God.

IV.

1 O Thou, dear Sov'reign of my breaſt,
In thy dear myſt'ry I am bleſt
With peace and joy profound ;
Now, ſav'd from ſin and hell, am I
In my dear Lamb's humanity,
Where all my joys abound.

2 Here will I hide from ev'ry foe,
And thank thee, O my *Saviour*, too,
That I ſhould favour'd be
To hide me in thy wounded ſide ;
And, what's yet more, to be thy bride,
And truly one with thee.

3 Here would I live, for-ever live
In thee, my Lamb, and ſtill receive
Thy bleſſings ever new :
I'd turn my eyes from all to thee,
Whilſt underneath the bloody tree,
My heart with love o'erflow.

4 I long to prove the depth profound,
The glory of each bleeding wound ;

Not

Not one was made in vain :
Nor is there any discord there,
Or cause of sorrow, pain, or fear ;
There, there my soul remain.

V.

1 MY *Saviour* for me bled
Upon the cross's wood ;
For me, the sinner me, he shed
His rich, atoning blood.

2 For my offences great
He dy'd a curs'd death ;
And wrought salvation out complete
To be enjoy'd by faith.

3 The wine-press he did tread,
And, thro' his bleeding side,
His spirit, in abundance, shed
On his beloved bride.

4 Now, by his grace, I know
That I am one of them,
For whom the *Saviour* dy'd below
Upon the cross's stem.

VI.

1 IN mine own fleſh I ſee
My dear Redeemer, God:
And in that body he
Redeem'd me by his blood:
Made one, no more to part again,
In him I ever ſhall remain.

2 Bone of his bone I am,
And evermore ſhall be;
One great immortal name
Is nam'd on him and me:
In him, complete, I now poſſeſs
The fulneſs of redeeming grace.

3 When from his pierced ſide
Came forth, in bleeding love,
His lov'd, his royal bride,
The life divine to prove;
To her this ſacred truth he ſeal'd,
That all her maladies were heal'd.

4 What tho' I mortal am,
And ſhall to duſt return:
In the prevailing Lamb
I unto God am born,
In him I live above all fear,
Nor ſin, nor death, can reach me there.

VII.

1 LET us our hearts and voices raiſe,
To ſound the mighty *Saviour*'s praiſe,
And ſing he dy'd, and lives again
For us, the fallen ſons of men.

2 He bare our curſe, our debt he paid,
When all our woes on him were laid;
Our midnight darkneſs chas'd away,
And rais'd us to eternal day.

3 'Tis finiſh'd, ſaith the dying God,
For man, cries all his wounds and blood:
Salvation finiſh'd was for us,
In *Jeſus*, bleeding on the croſs.

4 He, fainting, felt death's rude divorce,
To put his Teſtament in force;
Wherein to man he did bequeath
The labours of his life and death.

5 Quickly he breaks death's feeble chain,
And to his throne aſcends again;
There ſits adorn'd with wounds and blood,
And calls the wand'rers home to God.

6 Let all the ſons of *Sion* ſing
Unwearied praiſe to *Chriſt* their King.
He is our *Saviour*, God, and we
Will ſound his name eternally.

VIII.

1 ALL over lovely is my Lord and God,
When nail'd on *Calv'ry* to a croſs of wood;
My praiſe attends his blood, his name I'll bleſs,
He is my wiſdom, ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

2 Deep floods of everlaſting wrath and grace,
Strove which ſhould deluge man in *Jeſu's* face,
Whilſt bleeding love, hung pleading on his brow
For peace, and pardon, to the church below.

3 The floods of grace, now with tremendous ſwell,
Drowns all our ſin, and curſe, and fear of hell,
Whilſt from our bleeding God we ſtill derive
Our peace, and in his wounds we'll ever live.

4 On us diſtils his merits, blood and grace;
His wounded form we'll yet by faith embrace;
It's here! We poſitively cry, my God,
And tremblingly with joy we praiſe his blood.

5 We in his body our election ſee,
He with himſelf hath made us children free;
Our elder Brother, (O the friendly name;)
Is God Almighty, yet the ſlaughter'd Lamb.

6 Praiſe, endleſs praiſe to thee, O *Chriſt*, be giv'n;
Praiſe, endleſs praiſe to thee, thou King of Heav'n;

Ere long thy praiſe ſhall be our whole employ,
When thou, O Lamb, ſhall perfect all our joy.

IX.

1 'TIS not of him that weeps and prays;
The gift of God is free;
'Tis *Jeſu*'s pray'r, his groans and cries,
That ſhall accepted be.

2 'Tis in the Lamb's abaſement low,
We are receiv'd of God:
Lo! nothing is there good, we know,
But *Jeſus* and his blood.

3 'Tis thro' his death, and off'ring up
On the accurſed wood,
That we are privileg'd to ſup
With him, our Lord and God.

4 'Tis thro' his reſurrection-pow'r
We live the life of faith:
In his dear body we are more
Than conqu'rors over death.

5 When he aſcended up on high,
Lo! we aſcended then;
He captive led captivity,
Receiving gifts for men.

6 Yea, for rebellious men he ſu'd,
That God with them might dwell;

And when his wounded form he ſhew'd,
The ſpirit on them fell.

7 All praiſe to him, our God, our friend,
Who finiſh'd all for us;
We bleſs the love, which hath no end,
Revealed on the croſs.

X.

1 WHENCE can it be that thoſe deep wonders riſe
In my poor heart? I view a ſacrifice!
What is the off'ring, ſay---what can it be?
Is it the God of ages? yes, 'tis he!

2 With wonder gaze I, and with deepeſt ſhame,
Upon the dying God, the bleeding Lamb!
Stand in amaze with me, heav'n, earth and ſkies,
I, who was loſt, am found by ſacrifice!

3 This ſacrifice ſufficient is for all
Who feel their curſe and bondage in the fall;
This ſacrifice, approv'd complete and good,
Atones thro' ſmart, and purifies by blood.

4 *Chriſt* is the ſacrifice, that ſlaughter'd Lamb,
Thro' whoſe blood-ſhedding I accepted am:
He offer'd up himſelf in blood for me,
That I from condemnation might be free.

5 Adieu

5 Adieu to all beſide my Lord and God,
Thus crucify'd upon a croſs of wood ;
In heav'n, and earth, I ſtand oblig'd to none
But him who did for all my ſins atone.

6 O ! *Jeſus*, I adore thy lovely name ;
Thy wounds have purg'd me from all ſin and ſhame ;
Thou haſt allur'd and drawn my ſoul to thee,
Where I in life and death ſhall happy be.

XI.

1 WHEN firſt I knew, my Lord, my God,
'Twas in his deep humility,
His garmens roll'd in his own blood ;
With eyes of love he look'd on me.

2 Lo ! then my fainting heart reviv'd,
When I beheld the *Saviour* ſmile ;
'Twas then in *Jeſus* I believ'd,
And felt the glory of his toil.

3 I nothing had, when my dear Lamb
Did ſhew me all my ſins forgiv'n ;
I nothing had but filth and ſhame,
When firſt I ſaw my name in heav'n.

4 Love, bleeding love, firſt found out me,
And led me by a way unſought ;
Love drew me to the bloody tree,
And pointed out my pardon bought ;

5 Bought

5 Bought with the *Saviour*'s pains and blood:
Amazing love! what tongue can tell
The glory which I saw in God,
When at his foot-stool first I fell?

6 Nor angels may declare the bliss
My soul receiv'd, when first I found,
In *Christ*, my strength and righteousness,
Exhibited thro' ev'ry wound.

7 His promise is, He will remain
My dear, my everlasting friend;
He seal'd me this by unknown pain;
Loves, and will love me to the end.

8 Then praise, my soul, thy bleeding King,
Who gives thee all his heart to prove;
His matchless grace for-ever sing,
The wonders of redeeming love.

XII.

1 MY dearest Redeemer, thou light of my days,
My heart's sincere language shall shew forth thy praise:
I now can behold the smiles of thy face,
Thy glory, dear *Saviour*, the fountain of grace:
I'll tell the world of thee, of thy shedding blood,
That wonderful myst'ry and glory of God.

2 'Tis *Jesus*, *Jehovah*, the wounded I AM,
Who dy'd on *Golgotha*, the sacrific'd Lamb;
His beauties I see, thro' each weeping wound;
His body all bleeding where true joys abound:
He dy'd, but lives ever, and reigns over all;
He is my dear *Saviour*, his name I extol.

3 He is a true lover, whose grace never ends;
My soul bow and wonder, and view his pierc'd hands!
Remember his love, his death, and his smart,
And all his wounds number, the life of my heart:
He is my dear portion! what can I want more?
Freed from condemnation, I bow and adore.

4 Who can but admire so faithful a friend,
Unchangeable lover, who loves to the end?
Ere long I shall be amidst the lov'd throng;
There, loud as the thunders, I'll sing the new song:
Still gazing, admiring, and singing most sweet,
And also embracing his pierc'd hands and feet.

XIII.

1 NOW shall our tongues with rapture tell,
How *Jesus* conquer'd death and hell,
When on the cross he dy'd:
His spoil we are he'll not deny,
But own us to eternity
As his lov'd, chosen bride.

2 His myſtery, his death and blood,
Hath reconcil'd us all to God ;
His glory hides our ſhame :
Whilſt *Chriſt* is God's beloved ſon,
We live with him for-ever one,
In ſonſhip, grace and name.

3 That he might equitably bleed
He took upon him *Abra'm's* ſeed,
Then to the altar went ;
Whilſt in this Lamb to ſlaughter led,
The ſinner bare on his own head
His ſin and puniſhment.

4 Nor will he us in trials leave,
But ſtill is with us ſtrong to ſave,
Whilſt we on earth remain :
In him our life, our all is found ;
Than ſin his grace did more abound,
Reveal'd when he was ſlain.

5 How rich the love, dear God, that we
Should be belov'd, belov'd by thee,
And ſav'd from all our ſhame :
With joy we praiſe thee till we die,
And after death eternally
Adore thy balmy name.

XIV.

1 JESUS, and him crucify'd,
Is mine, I want no more;
In his wounds I'm deep inlaid;
My name there ſtandeth ſure;
I am his, and he is mine;
My root is in the promis'd land;
I'm a branch of the true vine,
The plant of God's right-hand.

2 In the Lamb my fallow ground
Was plough'd with painful toil,
That which did with thorns abound
Is now a nobler ſoil:
Chriſt's the ſoil that's rich and good;
In him the lov'd plantation grows;
Water'd by his heav'nly blood,
Its merit always flows.

3 Growing in, and twiſted round
My *Chriſt*, the bleeding Vine;
On him all my fruit is found,
Nor ſhall we e'er untwine:
Here true happineſs I prove,
'Tis here I've found a conſtant friend,
In the glorious Man of love,
Who loves me to the end.

XV.

1 HOW rich the love! my Lord, my God?
For me, a worm hath dy'd;
For me he ſhed his living blood;
I know no God beſide.

2 The ſource of all my happineſs
Is his eternal name;
Nor is there ought but dung and droſs
Beſides my deareſt Lamb.

3 All things ſhall periſh but the word,
He ſtands forever ſure;
Jeſus forever is the Lord,
Let ev'ry pow'r adore.

4 This word made fleſh in *Bethl'hem* ſeen,
Incarnate was in me,
In me and all the ſons of men,
That he our head might be.

5 Then up unto our head we look,
And bleſs that glorious grace,
Which ſhews us God's eternal book
Unſeal'd in *Jeſu*'s face.

XVI.

1 JESUS, Master, in thine hand
Lead on thy family,
'Till we all possess the land,
The promis'd liberty :
There amidst the holy throng
We all shall see thy blissful face,
Singing one eternal song
To *Christ*, the God of grace.

2 In thy bleeding heart shall we
All find our blest abode ;
Each disowning all for thee,
Thou wounded Lamb of God :
There possessing all we want
In thy rich fulness holy Lamb,
Hence we all are now content
To bear thy cross and shame.

3 In thy smitten body we
Are pure for-evermore ;
Happy to eternity,
We will our Lord adore :
We in *Christ*, our ark, abide,
O'er each temptation still we soar ;
We disdain the swelling tide,
And soon shall reach the shore.

4 Farewell all this world below,
And all that earth calls good,
We rejoice no more in you,
We are redeem'd by blood.

Now

Now redeem'd to God we prove
A safe asylum from our fears;
All the heights, and depths of love,
In *Jesu*'s blood appears.

XVII.

1 MY Redeemer, let me be
Quite happy at thy feet,
Still to know myself and thee,
Be this my bitter sweet:
Look upon my infant state,
And with a father's yearning bless;
Don't thy ransom'd child forget,
Nor leave me in distress.

2 I have foolishly abus'd
My *Saviour*'s bleeding love;
All thy gifts, my God, misus'd,
When by temptation drove:
Justly I deserv'd to be
Forsaken by my Lord and God;
Yet shall justice plead for me,
For whom thou shed'st thy blood.

3 Thy blest smiles, my gracious Lord,
Shall cheer my drooping heart;
I'm instructed in thy word,
That thou unchanging art:
Draw me to the depth profound
Of all thy sorrows, blood and sweat,
Passing on, thro' ev'ry wound,
Unto thy mercy seat:

4 There,

4 There, reclining on thy breaſt,
Th' eternal ſabbath find ;
Proving in thee perfect reſt
To my poor lab'ring mind !
Waiting 'till my Lord I ſee,
And be like him for-ever pure,
At the heav'nly jubilee,
This bliſs to me is ſure.

XVIII.

1 DEAREST, holy, wounded Lamb !
Thou art ſtill my conſtant lover ;
At thy feet I bluſh with ſhame,
When thy beauties I diſcover ;
There I die and live again,
Here I life divine obtain.

2 In thy wounds I ſhall abide ;
There I find my great ſalvation ;
There defy the ſwelling tide,
And the ſtrength of each temptation ;
Deep inlaid in *Jeſu*'s heart,
He with me can never part.

3 O ! his grace and love, how free !
Everlaſting and unchanging ;
Strange its influence on me,
Pow'rfully my heart eſtranging
From all but the man who dy'd,
None but *Jeſus* crucify'd.

4 Can it be that I ſhould prove
These thy riches, O my *Saviour*,
Live in thee, the ſource of love,
There redeem'd and bleſt for-ever?
Sure thy grace, my God is free,
Elſe it ne'er had favor'd me.

XIX.

1 ISRAEL, truſt thou in the Lord,
Jeſus thy dear portion is!
He, the great incarnate word,
Is thy ſtrength and righteouſneſs:
He will thine abide;
Jeſus is thy dwelling-place,
Cloſely ſhelter'd in his grace,
From all ſin and *ſatan* hide.

2 In the Lord is vict'ry found
For the ſtruggling ſinner ſtill;
Shortly we ſhall all be crown'd
On Mount *Zion*'s holy hill:
O! the Mount of God,
There ſhall we his wonders tell,
Sing how we were ſav'd from hell,
By his ſorrows, wounds and blood.

XX.

1 TRUEST lover of thy people,
Nought can turn thy heart from me;
In thy death thy poor disciple
Still obtains true liberty;
Thy blest word, and kind behaviour,
Death and torments, wounds and blood,
Still assures me, O my *Saviour*,
That thou art my Lord, my God.

2 From thee I can never wander
Fatally, but shall abide
In that bleeding fountain yonder,
Shelter'd in thy pierced side:
There my *Jesus* freely gives me
All the glory he's receiv'd;
As he dy'd, so now he lives me;
This is heav'n when once believ'd.

XXI.

1 NOW the Lamb ascends on high,
Behold him sons of God,
Captive led captivity,
All conquer'd by his blood:
With him we are risen too,
In him from ev'ry charge set free;
In our risen *Christ* we view
Our endless liberty.

2 *Jesus* is gone up on high,
Ye sons of *Adam* hear ;
Why will you despair and die
In all your sin and fear :
Gifts of glory he receives,
That God, your God, might dwell with you,
And whoe'er in him believes,
Shall find the record true.

3 God's gone up with merry noise,
And with the trumpet's sound ;
Hence our high, triumphant joys
Shall evermore abound :
Tho' rebellious once, deceiv'd,
Yet now our tongues can greatly tell,
Jesus hath that gift receiv'd,
Of God, with us to dwell.

4 Our dear Lord's gone up on high,
But first he greatly stood
Th' object of our misery,
Resisting sin to blood.
In our nature, person, name,
Was *Jesus* by the law arraign'd,
Bearing all our curse and shame,
As long as ought remain'd.

5 Now our life's gone up on high,
Each babe in *Zion* knows
How that God did justify
His church, when *Jesus* rose ;

Dead

Preſs we now then to attain
The reſurrection of the dead,
Where the members born again
Are perfect as the head.

XXII.

On the Birth of JESUS.

1 LET all the nations of the earth
Sing of the great Redeemer's birth!
That once deſpiſed man:
O how immenſe the myſtery;
The Father of eternity
Contracted to a ſpan.

2 The fallen ſons of men he took,
Such as were written in his book,
Did all our ſtate aſſume,
That we with him, from ſin ſet free,
That pure and holy thing might be,
Born from the Virgin's womb.

3 Lo! there *a Man was born again*,
Exempt from *Adam*'s dreadful ſtain,
And fully meet for heav'n:
And here the fallen Sons of earth
Are born of God, this their new-birth,
This grace to them is giv'n.

4 With

4 With Angel-hosts we join to sing
The praises of our new-born King,
Our God incarnate bless,
Whose holy, strange, mysterious birth,
Brought heavenly joys to sons of earth,
With peace and righteousness.

XXIII.

1 MORTALS behold your dying God,
Take refuge in his name;
Come, wash your robes white in the blood
Of *Christ*, the slaughter'd Lamb.

2 O 'tis eternal life to know
His Godhead, blood, and fame:
The scriptures say, he dy'd for you,
Then venture on the Lamb.

3 Now welcome all who come to God,
In *Christ*, the *Saviour*'s name;
There's full redemption in his blood;
Then do not slight the Lamb.

4 O that you God, the *Saviour*, knew,
And that he bore your shame;
Dy'd, rose again, and lives for you,
Then would you prize the Lamb.

5 What love, what kindness did he shew!
When he from heaven came,

To

To bear away all ſin from you,
Behold the holy Lamb.

6 How rich the blood which once did flow!
To cover us from ſhame;
We'll bow before thy foot-ſtool low,
And hail thee, lovely Lamb.

7 O *Chriſt*, our God, our bleeding King,
We'll ever ſing thy fame;
Here and in heav'n we'll ſhout and ſing
Thy glories, worthy Lamb.

XXIV.

1 MY dear Maſter *Jeſus Chriſt*,
For peace to thee I fly;
In thee *Saviour*, I am bleſt
To all eternity:
Free from care, and ſin, and ſtrife,
I reſt in my dear Bridegroom's love;
Ever living in that life,
Which *Jeſus* lives above.

2 O! the heights of *Jeſu*'s grace,
Which I ſo richly view,
Saviour, in thy lov'd embrace
Are bleſſings ever new:
Bleſſings conſtant as the day,
Flow from that wounded heart of thine;
All the force of words can't ſay
How glorious, how divine.

3 Loſt

3 Loſt in wonder, I adore
The mighty Prince of life ;
Him to praiſe for evermore,
Be now my only ſtrife :
That God might not frown on me,
Nor doom my ſoul to baniſhment,
He upon the ſhameful tree
To ſuffer was content.

4 Patient he the croſs endur'd
Did all the ſhame deſpiſe,
Well he knew and was aſſur'd,
This bloody ſacrifice
Should his children all complete
In ſpotleſs truth and purity ;
This the joy before him ſet
When he engag'd to die.

5 Here my ſin and curſe was drown'd,
Redemption here obtain'd ;
Here the peace, once loſt, was found,
And life eternal gain'd :
Dead upon the croſs, in him,
Atonement for my ſin I ſee,
Weeping from each lifeleſs limb,
For enemies, for me.

XXV.

1 BY *Jeſu's* blood-ſhedding I happineſs gain,
My heart's ever pleading the fruit of his pain ;

The

The bleſſings for-ever made over to me
By my dying *Saviour* on the ſhameful tree;
How ſweet the relation, my Lord, and my God,
Eternal ſalvation I view in thy blood.

2 Then thou my ſoul venture on his death and ſmart,
Into his wounds enter and view his dear heart;
No more be thou grieving, oppreſs'd with thy ſin,
But live by believing where thou art made clean;
Look up to thy ſurety, and ſtill in his blood,
Behold all thy purity, meetneſs for God.

3 Here would I live ever, 'tis here I am bleſt,
The wounds of the *Saviour* is my perfect reſt;
In ſpirit here meeting the friends of the Lamb,
With heavenly greeting, we'll hail his dear name,
As one all agreeing, to praiſe our Lord God,
And thank him for freeing our ſouls by his blood.

XXVI.

1 MY dear Redeemer, dying God,
Who waſt a man like me,
Once nail'd to the accurſed wood,
My guilty ſoul to free:
I love to hear of all thy ſmart,
(Thou bear'ſt it all for me)
To ſee thy open bleeding heart,
Where I from ſin am free.

2 Thy

2 Thy blood is *Gilead's* balm indeed,
Thy people's hurt it heals;
Revives and quickens from the dead,
My pardon writes and seals:
Sown deeply in thy bleeding wounds,
I firmly rooted am;
My root, my growth, my fruit abounds,
In thee, thou spotless Lamb.

3 To sin, law, and the world, I'm dead,
Now by the death and blood;
With thee, my *Christ*, my life is hid
In all the pow'r of God:
When thou, my life, with trumpets blown,
Appear'st on clouds of heav'n,
Then shall that glorious life be known,
Which God to me hath giv'n.

XXVII.

1 HOW strange the tidings, how profound!
That God a man should be;
In servant's form the Lord was found,
To make us servants free.

2 He of his love did man assure,
Proclaiming all his name;
E'en when the bridal-chamber pure
The Virgin's womb became.

3 Our Father lov'd us worms ſo well,
He put our nature on,
And thus became *Immanuel*,
The Father and the Son.

4 He finiſh'd what his love began,
For *Adam's* ruin'd race;
We ſee the God ſhine thro' the man,
In dear *Immanuel's* face.

5 This ſacred unity maintains
Our conſtant peace with God:
Our ſin's aton'd for by his pains,
His ſorrow and his blood.

XXVIII.

1 COME ye lovers of the Lamb,
Praiſe the great Almighty Name;
To your God your ſongs begin,
To the Lamb your bleeding King,

2 *Jeſus*, thee we honors give;
Live Almighty *Jeſus*, live;
Thou haſt penn'd our ſongs with blood,
Thee we hail, incarnate God,

3 We were laden once with ſin,
But the Lamb hath made us clean;
We, who once in darkneſs lay,
Now behold eternal day.

4 Strangers once and far from God,
Now brought home by *Jesu*'s blood,
Shining in our wedding dress,
In the Lord, our righteousness.

5 Poor, and low, we once did lie,
Full of wants, and sore oppress'd;
Jesus now hath rais'd us high,
All our grievances redress'd,

6 Deeply sinking once in hell,
Without hope, and without God;
Now our tongues can greatly tell,
We are sav'd by *Jesu*'s blood.

7 Freely we are sav'd by grace,
Heart and hand we this embrace;
This below fills ev'ry tongue
This above is all the song.

8 Praises still to *Christ* we sing,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Th' living waters in us flow,
Glory is begun below.

XXIX.

1 THOU art my blest portion, thou dear *Nazarene*,
Who once was oppressed,
And sorely distressed,

When

When thou didſt lie under my curſe and my
ſhame,
To ſave me for-ever, ador'd be thy name.

2 There in that deep wound, I view in thy ſide,
I ſee my election,
And all my perfection;
Beholding the glory of thy blood-bought bride,
Amongſt the dear number who in thee confide.

3 Now I can behold thee, love, bleeding for me!
I bow to none other,
But thee my dear Lover,
With wonder I view thee on the bloody tree,
And hear thee, Lamb, crying, *'Tis finiſh'd for thee.*

4 That moment I prov'd the grace of thy name,
Where all things I wanted
Unto me was granted;
Yea, mine is thy fulneſs that's always the ſame,
That ſtill I might praiſe thee, thou meek
ſlaughter'd Lamb.

HYMNS,

BY *J. M.*

I.

1 COME, though we can truly ſing,
In our fleſh dwells no good thing;
Yet on him who gives us all,
We're embolden'd ſtill to call.

2 Blind, and fooliſh once were we,
Chriſt our wiſdom now we ſee;
In this wiſdom we confide,
By this we are juſtified.

3 Once in breaking God's command,
Doom'd to death beneath his hand;
Now we're call'd to own, and bleſs,
Jeſus Chriſt our righteouſneſs.

4 Without purity of heart
Truth divine will ſay depart,
But this holineſs we find,
In the Saviour of mankind.

5 Many, mighty are our foes!
Human theſe, Angelic thoſe,
Where for refuge ſhall we flee?
Chriſt our great redemption ſee!

6 Seraphs

6 Seraphs, flames of ſacred fire,
View this myſtery with deſire;
Hark! the bright enraptur'd throng
Catch, and raiſe the grateful ſong.

7 O ye thrones of heavenly light,
Since you're ſav'd from endleſs night,
And ſince we, are rais'd to you,
Let us ſtill the ſong purſue.

II.

1 WHEN God would prove his love,
To all the ruin'd race,
Deſcending from above,
As full of truth and grace,
He join'd our nature to his own,
And ſav'd us in himſelf alone.

2 The work he well perform'd
In love, he came to do,
The powers of hell he ſtorm'd,
And drove the infernal crew;
O'er death itſelf victorious roſe,
Triumphing over all our foes.

3 Hail, dear almighty King!
We praiſe thee for thy grace,
Thy victories we ſing
Thou prince of life and peace;

To thee eternal praiſe is due,
Who by thyſelf mad'ſt all things new.

III.

1 FATHER behold us here,
According to thy word;
To worſhip without fear,
Our dear redeeming Lord;
O may thy light and truth now ſhine,
To warm each heart with love divine.

2 Drawn, wholly drawn by thee,
To *Jeſus* we are come;
And by thy teaching we
Perceive our work is done;
Through which a title we obtain
As Kings and Prieſts with thee to reign.

3 We bleſs thee, God of peace,
For life and glory given,
To us and all the race
Call'd up from earth to heaven;
Haſten, great God, the day of love,
When every ſoul this grace ſhall prove.

IV.

1 MY God, ſince I can call thee mine,
and mine thou ſurely art;
Why ſhould I ever once repine,
In language or in heart.

2 Alaſs!

2 Alaſs ! the cauſe is clearly ſeen,
From whence theſe murmurings riſe ;
My parents ſold me under ſin,
How deep the evil lies !

3 Within my members there's a law,
That wars againſt my mind,
Which ſtrives my ſpirit ſtill to draw
From thee, the good and kind,

4 With buffeting my ſoul is ſore,
But this is ſatan's part ;
The thorn within the fleſh ſtill more,
Inflicts the poignant ſmart.

5 Great God attend thy ſuppliants prayer,
Whilſt I for ſuccour call !
And pour into thy ſervants ear,
The words thou ſpak'ſt to Paul.

6 Then in thy grace ſecure I'll reſt,
'Twill be ſufficient found ;
'Till caught from earth to heaven I'm bleſt,
With life, and glory crown'd.

V.

1 HARK, 'tis the Saviour of mankind
Speaks to his choſen few ;
'Tis he who leads the wandring blind,
In ways they could not know.

2 'Tis he who says, go forth my friends,
" Proclaim my truth to all ;
" Inform each soul my grace extends,
" As wide as Adam's fall.

3 " Tell sinners of the deepest dye,
" That they might life obtain,
" I chose the cursed death to die,
" And taste infernal pain !

4 " What though my ransom'd may refuse,
" The message to receive ;
" And you the messengers abuse,
" Yet still I came to save.

5 " Yea should the tempter still prevail,
" To blind my people's eyes ;
" In my great day I'll rend the vail,
" From all beneath the skies,

6 " Then every eye shall see the grace,
" You now in faith declare ;
" And I myself from ev'ry face,
" Will wipe off ev'ry tear."

7 Lord we believe thy sacred word,
And wait the glorious day,
When every soul by grace restor'd,
Shall walk in wisdom's way.

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TO

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Glory to God in the higheſt: and on earth peace, good-will towards men, Luke ii. 14.

What ſhall we, then, ſay to theſe things? If God be for us, who can be againſt us? Rom. viii. 31.

Who will have all men to be ſaved, and to come to the knowledge of truth. 1 Tim. ii. 4.

☞ The Work will be put to the Preſs as ſoon as a ſufficient number are ſubſcribed for barely to defray the expences thereof. It will be printed on a good paper, and with the ſame type the HYMNS, &c. are done on; the page will likewiſe be the ſame. The price to ſubſcribers will not exceed one dollar, ſtitched in blue paper. The whole will make a neat volume of about the ſame number of pages as the foregoing.

Thoſe who wiſh to encourage the undertaking will be pleaſed to ſignify their pleaſure to the Printers in Portſmouth, by the middle of January next, that they may be able to aſcertain whether the encouragement will warrant the publication.

Subſcriptions for the above Work, will be taken in by moſt of the Printers and Bookſellers in New-England.

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